More Christmas Books

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The End of the Heinemann Prosecution

SIX months ago, summing-up in *The Philanderer* case, Mr. Justice Stable rhetorically asked an Old Bailey jury: "If we drive the criminal law too far, isn't there a risk that there will be a revolt, a demand for a change in the law, so that the pendulum will swing too far the other way?" In the history of English criminal law, one of the more familiar symptoms that that stage has been reached has always been the failure of juries to come to agreement on what was presented to them by the Crown as a plain issue of fact. It is a symptom that law-makers are bound to recognise.

The case of the Heinemann novel, *The Image and the Search*, on which two juries have now disagreed in consecutive sessions at the Old Bailey, was no doubt a difficult one under the law as it stands. The book is brutally outspoken, and its obvious capacity to shock and disgust might well have been successfully presented, in the words of the 1868 *Hicklin* judgment, as "a tendency to deprave and corrupt." We doubt its capacity to deprave or corrupt anyone, but believe, nevertheless, that to have twice raised that doubt in jurors' minds in the soberly clinical atmosphere of an Old Bailey court-room must be regarded as the joint achievement of an outstandingly able defence and an over-strenuous prosecution. In accordance with tradition, no further evidence was offered at the third, purely formal, trial; and the protracted ordeal of publisher and author is now ended. It may prove to have had great value for the cause of literary freedom.

Two points made by Mr. Gerald Gardiner, Q.C., in his speech to the jury in the second trial, give special emphasis to the need, at least, for procedural changes in the law. In the first place he called attention to the constant use, by Mr. Griffith-Jones for the Crown, of the pertinent question: "What *possible* purpose could be served, members of the jury, by dragging in that particular piece of indecency?" The one man who could answer that question, said Mr. Gardiner, was not allowed to do so: the author must sit mute in the dock and hear his motives impugned without a chance to reply. The question of "intent," indeed, though the prosecution may make what play they like with it, becomes inadmissible the moment the defendant seeks to pray it in aid.

Counsel for the defence scored heavily, too, when he referred to the habit of the prosecution to ask jurors whether a book "arouses libidinous thoughts." That does not happen to be the current Common Law test of obscenity, though it is commonly invoked as if it were. But couldn't the majority of modern films do the same, asked the defence? And the revues for the "tired business man," and even a pretty girl in nylons? Did all these have a "tendency to deprave and corrupt"? If so, he asked inferentially, what was the Director of Public Prosecutions doing about them?

It is encouraging to learn that, after a period of vacillation that has puzzled many onlookers, writers and publishers are at last getting together in an effort to protect themselves and the future of English literature. A joint committee of publishers, authors, literary agents, printers, and lawyers, under the chairmanship of Sir Alan Herbert, is to draw up recommendations and a draft Parliamentary Bill, the purpose of which will be to admit evidence of "intent" by way of protecting serious and artistic publications, while penalising cheap pornography and the sadistic Comic. The committee has received unmistakable encouragement from the new Home Secretary, who shows welcome signs of the liberalism that his predecessor so conspicuously lacked. There are thus hopes that the law may be amended in the present session of Parliament. That, however, may take some time. A change that could be effected overnight would be the appointment of a Director of Public Prosecutions who could understand and give effect to the climate of public opinion, as expressed in the behaviour of juries, in a simple matter of contemporary morals.

Politics and Pensions

After the bipartisan ceremony in Westminster Hall, the House of Commons at once settled down last Tuesday to the electioneering which will be the sole activity of this Parliamentary session. With the Pensions Bill due to be rushed through before Christmas, the Government's legislative programme is so thin that an appeal to the country can be made at any time in the New Year.

The increases in social security benefits proposed by the Government are substantial; they provide "some margin" over the 1946 standard, and the Government will no doubt claim that it has been generous in giving more than is needed to offset the rise in prices calculated in terms of the official indices. Pensioners, especially those who have some resources of their own and have not been dependent on National Assistance, will probably be well pleased. They will not, of course, be having to meet the increased cost. Wage-earners are not likely to be so satisfied. Their weekly contribution is to go up by a shilling, while the Exchequer's proportion stays the same—thus failing to satisfy the condition laid down by the T.U.C. when it agreed in advance to higher contributions.

Other features are also open to challenge. First, the increased contribution will have to provide a surplus to carry pensions for people brought into the scheme at a late age, and who cannot earn their pensions "actuarially." Surely this burden should be carried by the State? Why should wage-earners suffer an additional poll-tax to maintain the fiction of a "fund" when the addition of these "non-actuarial" pensioners alone makes nonsense of the "insurance" concept? Secondly, the increased contribution will not make the Insurance Fund self-balancing. The official estimate is that the annual deficit will rise to over £400m. by 1980, and this alone shows that a large part of the pension burden will have to be carried out of general revenue as time goes on. Thirdly, though Assistance rates have been raised, the standard rate of Assistance is now below and not above the standard benefit, and only the rent allowance will bring it above. This means that some of the money now being paid in the form of Assistance will in future be found from the Insurance Fund, thus transferring part of the cost from general revenue to the working-class contributor. Finally, and most serious, the Bill does least for those in greatest need. The full benefit of the pension rate changes will be enjoyed by those not drawing Assistance. For at least a million pensioners, the effective result of these changes will be a maximum net increase of 2s. 6d. (single) and 4s. a week for a married couple—no cause for great rejoicing.

Labour's Reaction

What is to be the Labour Party's reaction? It is no secret that *Challenge to Britain* would have included drastic proposals for closing the Ministry of National Insurance and for financing all social security benefits (including retirement pensions) out of general taxation had it not been for the opposition of the T.U.C. The T.U.C. experts clung to the "insurance" principle—though they recognised that the pensioners added to the scheme after 1946 wrecked its actuarial basis—and favoured a policy of keeping contributions steady and meeting increased claims from Exchequer funds. This view was accepted by the Labour Party. Last September, the T.U.C. unexpectedly changed its line and agreed to higher contributions, provided that the Exchequer's share was restored to its 1950 level. Since then, the defects of this method of financing social security have been increasingly realised; even the supporters of Beveridge in the Labour Party are beginning to see that they cannot save the "insurance" principle for unemployment and sick benefits unless retirement pensions are separated from the scheme and financed from general taxation. The National Union of Miners now takes this view. With the strong miners' group in the House exerting pressure, the Labour leadership may now have the courage to challenge these new Government proposals on principle as well as detail and advocate a national pensions service.

Diplomatic Chess

The diplomatic manœuvres on German unity are now being carried out with grave formality by both sides. On the day that Mr. Molotov opened his "European" conference in Moscow the three Western ambassadors had handed him identical Notes. These Notes contained a reasoned refusal to attend the Moscow conference and a proposal that a Four-Power conference should be held *after* the Paris Treaty comes into force next spring. What is sought by the latest Western move—and what will probably be achieved—is a conference to work out a *modus vivendi* for a divided Germany and a divided Europe. In their Notes the Western Powers emphasise that the groundwork for this Four-Power conference must be carefully prepared through normal diplomatic channels, and they add the *douceur* that Russia will no longer be required to agree in advance to the holding of free elections in Germany. Mr. Molotov's reply is being given in the course of the Moscow conference this week. It now looks certain that he will use the "intransigence" of the Western Powers to justify an equal and opposite intransigence in incorporating Eastern Germany into an Eastern Nato. In fact, the first long-drawn-out game of diplomatic chess which began in 1945 has now ended in a stalemate; both sides have reset the pieces on the board for the opening gambits of a second game.

Voting in Germany

That the German Chancellor and Erich Ollenhauer should both have claimed a moral victory in the Landtag elections this week is natural enough. These West German provincial parliaments, which were first elected in 1950, are being re-elected after their four-year term in series throughout this year. Seeking to reverse his disastrous defeat in Schleswig-Holstein, the first of the series, Dr. Adenauer deliberately transformed the elections in Hesse and Bavaria into a plebiscite on the issue of his foreign policy. He could do this without undue risk since he knew that, whatever happened, the Christian Democrats were bound to improve on the very poor showing they made four years ago. By comparison with 1950, he can claim an increase of 6.5 per cent. in Hesse and 10.5 per cent. in Bavaria for the C.D.U. In the former *Land*, moreover—provided that Dr. Oberlander's near-Fascist Refugee Party agrees to join a coalition—he can hope to oust the excellent Socialist Government and so assure himself a majority in the upper House at Bonn for the Paris Treaty. Considered, however, as a plebiscite on German rearmament, these two elections are a victory for the Socialists. When the figures are compared with those of the Federal election last September, it is clear enough that support for the Chancellor's foreign policy is still ebbing. With total polls of over 80 per cent., the Christian Democrats obtained 10 per cent. less in Bavaria and 5.4 per cent. less in Hesse, whereas the Socialist vote increased by 4.5 per cent. and 9 per cent. respectively. These Socialist increases were achieved against the formidable combination of Government propaganda, Catholic influence and big business finance. They indicate that, the closer German rearmament comes, the less the average German likes the idea of it.

Lion of the North

The election of Mr. J. G. Strydom, known as the Lion of the North, to succeed Dr. Malan as Premier of South Africa will certainly increase the roaring of racial slogans. It will also inspire profound fear in the hearts of the English-speaking community, for Strydom stands for an Afrikaner Republic, with one *volk*, one flag, one anthem and one language—Afrikaans. He will make Parliament sovereign over the courts and thus lay the way open to Afrikaner oligarchy, with a touch of personal, mystical despotism. Above all, he is determined to fix race relations permanently on the *baaskap*, master-servant principle. Few of the White opponents of the Nationalists object to this as a pattern of social and political life. Indeed, the United Party have already shown as much in their feeble statement of racial policy, which accepts the facts of African urbanisation but refuses to recognise their trade unions and continues to support social, industrial and political segregation. Yet the English-speaking community is very frightened that Strydom and his Minister of Native Affairs, Dr. Verwoerd, will drive Africans away from industry, and reduce the labour force available for mine, factory and household. The Afrikaners of the Strydom group would prefer South Africa to return to the pastoralism of the Boer Republics than see any advance of Non-Europeans into Westernised life. This conflict of values may well drive the two sections of the European community steadily wider apart. The accelerated pace of *apartheid* measures and the uncompromising attitude of Strydom, Verwoerd, Swart and Louw to Non-Europeans will increasingly drive Africans, Indians and Coloureds into one camp.

Dollar Aid Abroad

Reports from Washington suggest that Mr. Stassen, the director of the Foreign Operations Administration, has been trying to interest the President in schemes for greatly increased dollar aid to the Far East and South-East Asia for economic purposes. Already, 60 per cent. of the F.O.A.'s 1954-55 appropriation of $5.2 billion is allocated for these areas—about half of it designated for military purposes. Mr. Stassen's argument appears to be that the West's answer to the impressive economic development of China must be "competitive co-existence", involving a large programme of capital investment to raise the living standard of "free" Asia. Whether Congress, which has voted to wind up F.O.A. by June next year, will be inclined, now that aid to Europe is dwindling, to embark on a new foreign-aid adventure is doubtful.

Asia, indeed, is not the only claimant for dollar assistance. At the Inter-American Economic Conference now in session near Rio de Janeiro, spokesmen of the Latin American nations have been pointing out that, since the war, the twenty Republics have received no more than $300m. a year in capital imports for economic development, and that, when allowance is made for transfers of profits and interest, the last three years have seen an actual net outflow of dollars from South America. The Latin Americans have been asking, not merely for guaranteed prices for raw materials, but for the formation of a governmental lending institution to supplement increased investments of private U.S. capital in Latin America. The response by Mr. Humphreys, the U.S. Secretary of the Treasury, was cautious. He hinted that there might be a more generous lending policy on the part of the Export-Import Bank, but he turned down flat the idea of guaranteed raw material prices. In general, the attitude of the U.S. delegation at the Conference has been that the Republics must "attract" capital largely by their own efforts.

The U.S. and Saigon

The sacking of General Hinh, Southern Vietnamese Chief of Staff and irreconcilable opponent of Premier Diem, is a logical consequence of the visit paid to Saigon by General Collins, President Eisenhower's special envoy. General Collins made it plain that the Premier, despite all the corruption and inefficiency of his regime, is to be "backed to the limit"; and that U.S. military aid would be conditional on the army's giving "complete and implicit obedience" to Diem's Government. With General Hinh out of the way, U.S. personnel will now be free, as General Collins indicated, to take over the training of the Southern Vietnamese army—following the pattern laid down in Korea, Greece and Turkey. This American policy, however, raises a serious question. Apart from French susceptibilities, the Viet Minh may well regard the growth of American influence in Saigon as a violation of the "non-interference" conditions of the Armistice.

PARIS

Existentialist Economics

Our Paris Correspondent writes: What are Pierre Mendès-France's basic economic beliefs? After nearly six months in office, doubt still lingers. But several important clues have been provided by a recent Unesco publication, *La Science Economique et l'Action,* which Mendès-France wrote in collaboration with Dr. Gabriel Ardant, of the National Productivity Committee. This work is essentially theoretical—it examines the part that economic science can, and should, play in the creation of government policy—and it was written some months before Mendès-France assumed control of France's economic destinies. Nevertheless, it outlines the general framework within which his policy will be shaped.

To begin with, Mendès-France accepts Keynes' fundamental distinction between periods of underemployment and periods of full employment, with its corollary of the twin dangers of deflation and inflation. "It follows from Keynes' analysis," he writes, "that the principal element of instability in an economy is investment." Hence, the first of the two basic problems which face the Government is "the problem of equilibrium." In solving this, the Government must be guided by two principles. The first is purely analytical. Mendès-France believes that governments usually have insufficient statistical information to guide their policies. His experience as President of the National Accounting Board convinced him that the system of *national,* as opposed to purely fiscal, accounting should be extended, and that policy should be formulated within its terms of reference. Like the Bevanites, he believes that the Budget mechanism suffers from hypertrophy, and that the Budget should reflect, rather than create, economic policy. The second principle is the co-ordination of activities in both the public and private sectors of the economy. "This," he writes, "is essentially the Government's job. It must be realised that economic and financial policy constitute a whole, and that no individual measure has any meaning unless it is part of an overall plan."

This last statement appears to place Mendès-France among the ranks of the *dirigistes.* But such an impression is corrected when he proceeds to analyse the second basic problem, "the problem of choice," which he also equates with "the problem of priorities." He admits, in analysing classical economic conceptions, that the market mechanism is insufficient in itself and subject to breakdowns. But he also rejects, *in toto,* the Marxist analysis, and goes on to say: ". . . recent events, combined with the progress of economic analysis, have helped to rediscover the advantages of natural mechanisms." In other words, a natural system is an imperfect system, but still a system. It is, therefore, the function of economic science to define exactly where and when the system is imperfect, and the function of government to provide compensatory mechanisms. Broadly speaking, the Government should merely "make a natural system more natural" by, for instance, reinstating free competition as the prime motive force in the economy by *forcing* it to be free and competitive. This combination of Gallic paradox, Cartsian lucidity and Existentialist emphasis on choice is summed up by Mendès-France in one illustration: "It is the Government's job to reclaim land from the sea; but the farmers themselves must decide whether to plant wheat or potatoes."

How far Mendès-France would be prepared to revise this analysis after a few months in office is hard to say. When asked this question, in an interview with the business magazine *Enterprise,* he replied that the conclusions of the book still stood in that its main purpose was simply to show that political decisions must be based, above all, on scientific analyses. But this was to avoid the question. Indeed, the principal defect of the book is its virtual refusal to consider the purely political aspects of government economic policy. An Existentialist approach by the Government to economic problems can only be effective if the Government is really free to make a choice. Mendès-France distrusts economic programmes, as such, because they are rigid and hypothetic and exclude the possibility of choice. But he fails to point out that, in democracies, economic programmes, however imperfect, are essential to the creation of effective political programmes.

WESTMINSTER

Sir Winston's Revenge

It was noticeable that, although Sir Winston's reception at his birthday Fête in Westminster Hall was cordial, emotion never got out of hand. The many elderly Tory dowagers who are always so obviously present on these occasions, tried, with cheers and misty-eyed adoration, but failed, to produce the heights of adulation they so much enjoy at Tory Party conferences. Conservative M.P.s, as well as the Socialists, rejoiced, but managed to modify their exuberance.

To Conservative back-benchers in marginal seats, Sir Winston's great age is a doubtful asset. They just do not see themselves being carried back to Westminster on the coat-tails of an old man. And there is no sign that Sir Winston is ready to give way to Sir Anthony. The whole tone of his speech from the steps of Westminster Hall was, "Here I am. I am enjoying myself very much, thank you. And here I intend to stay." There he will stay, much to the embarrassment of his Party, for whom he shows a cheerful contempt. Almost the only common link between most of the back-benchers promoted to junior office during the last reshuffle is that they were courageous enough to stand against the heavy Conservative Party pressure on Members' pay.

Tory back-benchers are worried, too, by the reaction to Sir Winston's tardy revelation that he was prepared to rearm the Germans in 1945. Labour back-benchers at first sidled up to this political hand-grenade with some diffidence, afraid that it might go off in their faces, for Sir Winston has managed several times to evade censure by implying, if never proving, the complicity of his war-time Labour colleagues. But this time, it seems, he will be unable to drag out any Cabinet memoranda in his support. Labour will, therefore, attack him with vigour on an issue which is not only vital but looks good from all angles. If Sir Winston did send the instructions to Montgomery, and the precise facts are not yet clear, why? If, early in 1945, he was so worried about the Russian threat that he was ready to rearm the Germans, why, later the same year, did he lambaste the Labour Government for not reducing the British armed forces more quickly? Why drag it up now? Why give a propaganda weapon to the neo-Nazis in Germany and the extremists in the Soviet? Is this man now qualified to pacify Soviet suspicions when, on balance, he has done more than any other single man to arouse them? Many Tories would therefore be delighted to nominate him as the first exhibit for the new Churchill museum at Chartwell. But Sir Winston is taking his revenge on the Conservative Party, and a subtle and protracted revenge it is.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

Co-existence in Asia

At the end of the Geneva Conference last summer, China emerged as a world Power—potentially the greatest Power in the world. For the first time in history China—whose ancient civilisation has rivalled in size, splendour, cruelty and misery that of the Jewish-Greco-Roman civilisation of the Mediterranean basin—came fully into contact with the rest of the world, and for the first time in modern history it had an efficient, honest and purposeful Government. So much is admitted by those who most fear its power and hate its Marxist philosophy. Its technical advance in five revolutionary years has astonished every visitor, and stultified every old-China-hand who has complacently affirmed that the agreeable, "squeeze"-loving, dirty, primitive, faithful coolie society, based on the family system, would not be changed and modernised by Communism or anything else. Its armies, that swept the Kuomintang out of China, also proved capable of fighting Western armies in Korea, and its support for the Viet Minh was the decisive factor in Indo-China's bid for freedom. The bluff of the H-bomb was called—its use would have destroyed much of the world, but China, with vast territory and 600 million people would have been the most likely nation to survive. Thus, at the end of the Indo-China war, Chou En-lai's visits to Delhi and Rangoon were in the nature of triumphal demonstrations.

Very few Asians, outside the entourage of Chiang Kai-shek, Syngman Rhee, Bao Dai and the Government of Siam, would have preferred the alternative of American intervention, with a renewed Western effort to colonise South-East Asia. But that does not mean that the newly independent Governments of India, Burma and Indonesia are not alarmed by the speed and vigour of the new China. Their fear is not of direct Chinese invasion. Diplomatically, Peking has behaved correctly throughout the complexities of Burma's struggle with the Communists, the Karens, and the K.M.T. Nor has China been accused of giving aid to the Communists in Malaya. China's military intervention in Asia has so far been confined to Korea and Indo-China where Asians were hard pressed by Western forces.

The alarm in Delhi, Rangoon and Djakarta has sprung principally from the fact that there are some ten million overseas Chinese, more than two millions in Indonesia, more than a quarter of a million in Burma, some three millions in Siam. Hence Nehru's effort to persuade Chou En-lai to follow a policy towards the overseas Chinese similar to his own towards overseas Indians. If Chou En-lai can persuade Chinese residents abroad to accept the nationality of the countries in which they live and to abandon their exclusive Chinese patriotism, then the prospects of co-existence in Asia would look bright. In response, Chou En-lai included in his Five Point agreement a pledge not to interfere in the internal affairs of China's neighbours. But the status of overseas Chinese remains undefined and there is no secret that it was one of the subjects on which Nehru wished to talk to the Chinese leaders when he visited Peking, or that it is very much in the mind of U Nu, who is now in China.

Neither Nehru nor Nu suffers from the Western delusion that Peking can, if it wishes, easily and quickly dispose of this problem. Comparatively few of the overseas Chinese are Communists; the majority are private capitalists by nature, and politically passive by habit. Indeed their characteristic is to support whatever Government is in power in China. Many of them were loyal to the Empress Dowager before the revolution of 1911 and to Dr. Sun Yat-sen after it; then to Chiang Kai-shek, with a quick change over when Wang Ching-wei collaborated with the Japanese; now more and more of them are finding it good business to switch from Formosa to Peking. Most of them are merchants and small traders; in many small towns of South-East Asia the Chinese are to be found monopolising the bazaar business as well as holding a controlling position in such vital industries as rubber milling and rice distribution. In aggregate they are immensely wealthy and it is their habit to send back to China much of their wealth; they made a huge financial contribution, for instance, to China throughout her long resistance to the invading Japanese from 1937 to 1945.

It is this loyalty to China, whatever its Government, which troubles the countries where the overseas Chinese reside. The Burmese Press has, for instance, charged the overseas Chinese in Burma with placing the interests of China before those of Burma, and the same could be said of the Indonesian Press. It is urged that the Chinese merchants are an exclusive community who care nothing for the country of their adoption and who form, for their own advantage, hundreds of secret societies and associations (*tongs*). This was their way of living during the Chiang Kai-shek regime; it has not been changed by the advent of Communism. Their concern is to convince Peking that they are no less loyal than they were to Chiang. Some Burmese complain that Chinese education in their country is exclusively Chinese; and that today, since Peking is Communist, the education is also Communist, and angled throughout to the glory of Mao Tse-tung and the new China. In short, the Chinese in Burma—and exactly the same criticisms are made in Indonesia—are charged with being unassimilable. This was always a problem; and it is increased by the nature of Communism and by the fact that the countries which they have adopted are now themselves free and politically conscious. Basically, however, the complaint is not that the overseas Chinese are Communists, but that they remain Chinese.

How far can such a community be changed by a promise? An English weekly paper in Rangoon, the *Guardian*, is pessimistic:

> Much newsprint has been wasted on the "dual citizenship problem." The fact is that, apart from a few, the rank-and-file of Chinese are just foreigners and regard themselves as such—thus their sympathies and their allegiance cannot be anywhere but to China. If these Chinese settlers are no longer to be regarded as Chinese Nationals as alleged to have been promised by Chou, then what will they become—Burmese Nationals or just stateless persons?

Faith and Reason

£350 PRIZE ESSAY

In the hope of discovering more about the political, intellectual and emotional basis of the present renewed interest in personal religion, The New Statesman and Nation is offering prizes for the best essays on the broad subject of Faith and Reason. The first prize is £200, with three other prizes of £50. If a number of essays are worthy of publication, the prize essays and others of outstanding merit will be published in book form. £20 will be paid for essays which do not win prizes but are included in the book.

The essays must be of not more than 3,000 words, and they must reach The Editor, The New Statesman and Nation, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by February 28, 1955. Manuscripts should be in typescript and bear a pseudonym. A sealed envelope, containing the writer's real name, should be enclosed. **The prize is open to all men and women who will be under twenty-six years of age on January 1, 1955.**

The judges for the Competition will be: Dr. J. Bronowski; H. A. Hodges, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Reading; Stuart Hampshire, Fellow of New College, Oxford; and the editor of The New Statesman and Nation.

Nehru and Nu are not likely to underestimate the intrinsic difficulty of this situation or to pretend, like Senator Knowland, that somehow the problems that naturally follow from the political awakening of Asia can somehow be conjured away by blockading Shanghai and Canton. Nor, when they talk to Mao Tse-tung, will they imagine that even if Mao is willing, he can quickly or easily turn the overseas Chinese into good Burmese, Indonesians and Siamese. They have, however, strong arguments by which they may persuade him to make the attempt. Both China and the West have learnt a lot from the Korean and Vietnamese wars. On the Yalu River and at Dienbienphu, China, like the rest of the world, stood, as Sir Winston Churchill put it, on "the rim of hell." The smell of brimstone is still in the world's nostrils. The Communist world, just like the West, understands the need to avoid war; Mao, Malenkov, Churchill and Eisenhower agree about the necessity of co-existence. Yet co-existence demands a price from both sides. China had a victory at Geneva, and a new "frontier of co-existence" was drawn in Indo-China; against this, Peking must set the creation of Seato, with its dangerous pledge of Western intervention in case of undefined aggression, which, in some minds in America, now seems to include any legitimate effort by a people to overthrow foreign occupation, or a despotic and reactionary Government.

As against this, there are some reassuring factors. America, as Eisenhower has made clear, is no longer likely to provoke a war without the assistance of allies; indeed, British support is essential to any military offensive in Asia; the U.S. Army is opposed to any repetition of Korea. The new security pact with Formosa aims at "containing" Chiang Kai-shek rather than provoking Peking. The balance between the war and the peace parties in the United States is still undecided. It is vital for China that Knowland, the China Lobby and the war party should be given no grist to their mill. Moreover China needs the friendship and co-operation of India and other neighbours. Chou En-lai must remember that if Seato alarmed Nehru and the Colombo Powers by its implied threat of renewed intervention, so also are South-East Asian countries alarmed by the violence of Peking's propaganda and its effect on the overseas Chinese. They may wholly sympathise with the desire to throw out the disgraceful Government of Siam and agree that a social upheaval there is sooner or later inevitable. Given patience, however, democracy may take its first steps in Siam without offering America any excuse for intervention.

In this week's conversations in Peking the Burmese Prime Minister may well point out that if Mao Tse-tung wishes to lessen the danger, he must take every precaution not to allow another Asian revolution to be a Chinese or, at any rate, a Peking-inspired affair. In short, the conditions of co-existence are not only, as this journal has so often urged, the defeat of the China Lobby, American recognition of Peking and the withdrawal of aid from Chiang Kai-shek. They are also cautious diplomacy on Peking's side, the elimination of provocative Chinese propaganda, and steps to reassure countries like Burma and Indonesia that the overseas Chinese will increasingly become good citizens of the countries of their adoption.

Kingsley Martin

Standing Orders and Democracy

THE late W. S. Gilbert, poking fun at Whips and Caucuses, at little Liberals and little Conservatives, at M.P.s who "leave their brains outside and vote just as their leaders tell 'em to," rendered no service to Parliamentary democracy. It cannot work without political parties, although it works best where there are only two. Parties, like other organisations of individual units for collective purposes, cannot work without some sacrifice by each such unit of his sacred egoism, his independence, his "sovereignty." A Parliamentary democracy based on a representative system cannot work without agreement among like-minded people to pursue common ends by common means, and such an agreement necessarily involves some limitation upon individual freedom of judgment, freedom of action and perhaps even freedom of conscience.

It is not necessary for these purposes for a Parliamentary Party to have Standing Orders. The Liberal Party manages without them. So does the Conservative Party. It will be said that the Liberal Party destroyed itself by its incoherence, but Standing Orders will not save a Party from disintegration if its members no longer pursue common ends. Or it may be said that the Conservative Party accepts the *Fuhrerprinzip* and therefore needs no other Standing Orders; yet the Conservative Party is seldom without some minority group or other which, without disturbing in the slightest its integration in the Party, dissents from some particular aspect of its current policy. (Churchill is the clearest as well as the most distinguished modern instance.) The Labour Party itself managed very well without Standing Orders from 1945 to 1950.

No doubt it is easier to dispense with strict adherence to rigid disciplinary rules where a Party has a large majority, so that occasional dissent by even a fairly sizeable group does not imperil its authority or its control of Parliament. It is more difficult where a Party forms a Government with a tiny majority or is in opposition. For the House of Commons is more than a deliberative assembly: it is a battlefield, not merely of ideas and ideals, but of clashing social forces and the fiercely contested right to direct, to control, to act.

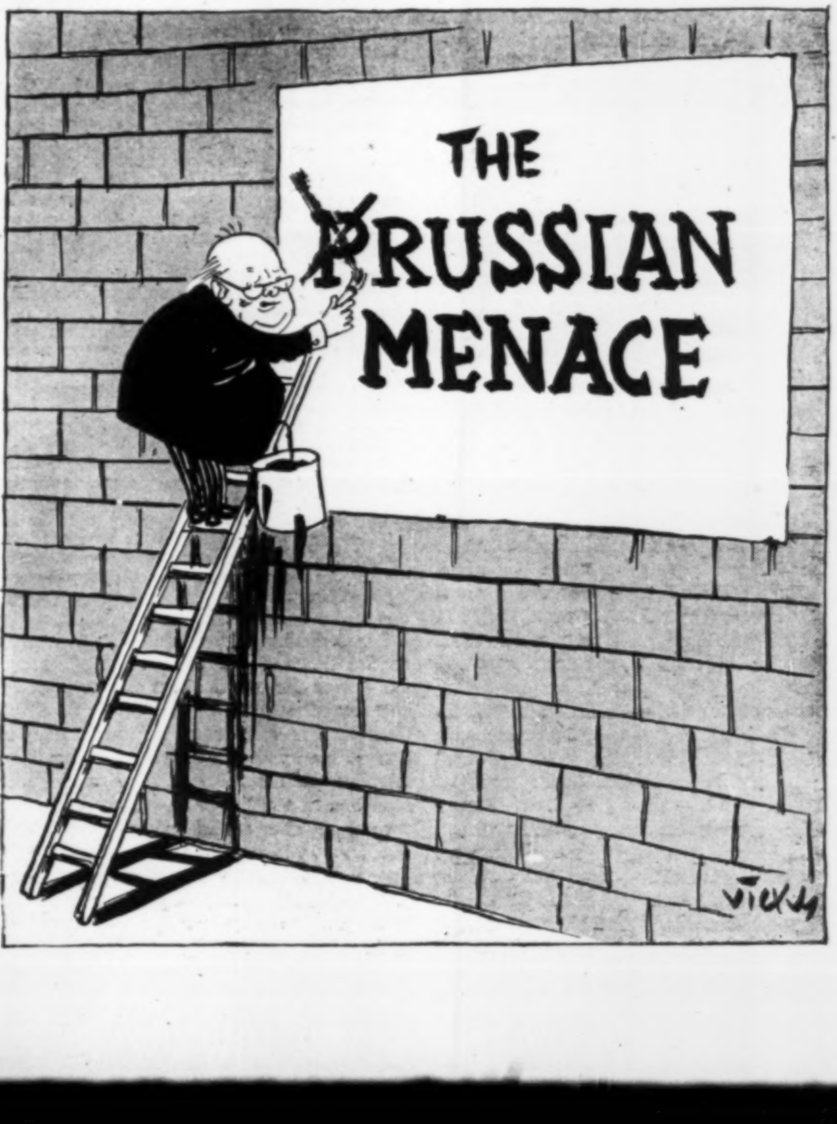
The Labour Party is the Party of challenge, of attack. It will remain so until the old order has yielded place to the new society. Perhaps for that reason the Labour Party has always set great store by its discipline. "The Cause alone is worthy." So many humble people have toiled for so long at so much sacrifice to build the Party that shall build a better world. What right has any individual, who owes his very presence in the House of Commons to their labours and sorrows, to set up his private judgment or feelings or conscience against the common will, expressed by a majority vote in a decision in whose making he has had an equal share with his colleagues? If he has the right to attend the meeting at which the decision is taken, and to speak and vote on it, why should he not be bound by it? Why should he spread confusion and dismay by destroying the common means and thereby defeating the common end?

It is a powerful case, and in the day-to-day activities of the Parliamentary Party it is well-nigh unanswerable. For the Party has never sought to impose any limitation upon a member's right to speak in the House of Commons in any sense he pleases or actually to force him to vote against his conscience. It may indeed be said that all this may be achieved without written rules or a prescribed code of conduct. While a man remains as it were "in communion" he will impose upon himself the necessary limitations, discretion and restraint and is himself the best judge of what they are. In the end his conduct will be judged by those whose representative he is. But in such day-to-day activities, and indeed in all matters where the true mind of the whole Party—not merely the Parliamentary Party—is clearly known and not in doubt, such a code may by many be thought convenient, and is certainly not wrong in principle. To apply it in emergencies, or in circumstances in which the Party has no opinion unequivocally accepted in the Party as a whole, is to defeat democracy by the very weapons designed for its fulfilment.

The present Parliamentary Party consists of some 285 members. Let us suppose that at the meeting called to consider whether or not to support the Government in ratifying the Nine-Power agreements, 200 had either failed to attend or been unable to reach a decision one way or the other. Suppose, further, that of the 85 who did vote there voted 43 for ratification and 42 against. On the present Standing Orders that would be a majority decision to support the Government, binding on all members. There could be no vote in the House, and therefore the right to abstain under the "Conscience" Clause would be inoperative. The Government would get its motion unanimously. Such a result would be a manifest absurdity. It would be an elaborate conspiracy to employ the machinery of democratic representative Government, not in order to give effect to democratic opinion, but to prevent it from so doing. For the minority at the meeting might well represent the majority opinion in the Party. Moreover, it would be a secret conspiracy. No man would know how his elected representative had behaved or even if he were there. Effective decisions would be transferred from the public processes of Parliament to the secret manoeuvres of a party conclave. The right to dissent in debate is no adequate compensation for being compelled to vote in conformity. The right to use the Party's democratic machinery to effect a change in policy later on affords no remedy where the decision once made is, as in this case, beyond recall. The function of Parliament becomes one of giving public assent to decisions arrived at secretly elsewhere.

The real conflict of our times is between Socialism that is democratic and Socialism that is totalitarian. The Communist Party has never, at least ostensibly, denied the right of free debate within the Party. But its decisions are taken by authoritarian institutions and, once taken, must be defended and supported by all members of the Party. Policy-making ceases to be a public function and becomes the exclusive concern of a privileged closed group, while the Party itself ceases to be a mass organisation and becomes a self-chosen elite perpetually self-renewed. It is one thing to have Standing Orders in order to secure effective common action in matters of common consent. To abuse them so as to deprive a substantial section of Party opinion of legitimate representation in Parliament; to dragoon a minority, however large, into conformity with a majority, however small; to achieve in secret an outward semblance of uniformity where everyone knows there is no real unanimity of opinion—these are giant strides upon a perilous road.

SYDNEY SILVERMAN



London Diary

VICKY's page of Winston Churchill portraits as painted by illustrious Masters, from Holbein and Rembrandt to Van Gogh and Picasso, which appeared in this journal last week, has delighted innumerable readers; they will, I am sure, be glad to know that the original is being offered as a birthday gift to the Prime Minister. I think it possible that he may even derive more pleasure from it than from the magnificent portrait by Graham Sutherland. I have no doubt that the critics who acclaim Sutherland's painting as one of the great portraits of our period, or, for that matter, of most other periods, will be found to have the better of the present controversy. One critic, for instance, who actually calls this superbly built and complete portrait "an unfinished sketch", is suffering, I fancy, from seeing it only in Westminster Hall, where the golds and yellows of the picture give it a too monochromatic effect against the stone background. Against panelling, or, indeed, in any normal room, it will be found to be full of colour, and full of the "warm hues of life". Apart from the genuine artistic controversy, which will, no doubt, rage for months, one detects in some of the comments an undertone of social prejudice. Why, the old stagers are saying, is Winston not in his Garter robes? Why doesn't he look at once noble and genial, instead of rather irate and pugnacious? They unconsciously look for another Alma Tadema. At the root of some criticism, too, is a feeling that the portrait has called the bluff of Winston as eternally young. Sutherland has committed the indiscretion of letting the public into the well-kept secret that Winston is actually eighty years old, and, like other men of his age, has scraggy folds in his neck. In fact, Sutherland is to be congratulated on having seen and displayed the greatness and variety of Winston's character at an age when, as his photographs are now apt to reveal, nature has blurred and expunged this character from his face. Parliament will be proud in the long run that it has not had Sir Winston conventionally embalmed by one of the usual titled Academicians, but has preferred to trust the fresh and penetrating eye of one of the few great painters of our age.

* * *

The nearest thing to a defence of Sir Winston's now famous telegram about preparing to rearm the Nazis against the Russians in May 1945 is that in war allies habitually do such things. (The substantial truth of Sir Winston's revelation is not in question; it is the intention that shocks people, not the wording or the dispatch of a particular telegram.) Every war leader proclaims altruistic war aims while just pursuing national interests. If Chamberlain did a dirty deal with Hitler in 1938, the Russians did a worse one in 1939; if the Russians suspected that we meant to switch the war before it was over, the Western Powers first feared that Russia would make a separate peace and then that they would swallow most of Europe. In truth, of course, everyone was trying to double-cross everyone else. This defence may mollify diplomats and Tory M.P.s. It makes utter nonsense of the war to ordinary people who believed that we really were pledged to root out Nazidom. If Churchill's readiness to rearm the Wehrmacht had been known at that time, it would only have created cynicism in some quarters; but what would it have meant to soldiers who had been daily risking death in battle or to members of the Resistance (Socialist, Communist and Catholic) to whom a rearmed Wehrmacht could only mean destruction, torture and gas chambers? What appalls me is that Sir Winston, and, I fear, some Labour leaders, really see the issue raised by his speech as one of "discretion". They have become so blind that to rearm the Nazis in 1945 or 1954 seems not to raise any issue of principle or to resurrect any fear.

* * *

If anything is still lacking to show the care needed in negotiation with colonial peoples, the case of the Baganda should sound a warning. After the shock given to the people of Buganda by the exile of their mystic symbol, the Kabaka, and the fumbling of the legal advisors in selecting the wrong clause on which to withdraw recognition from him, the excellent work of Professor Hancock is jeopardised, I'm told, by similar ignorance of detail. The Buganda Lukiko is now asked to approve the Hancock proposals, which will revolutionise the constitution but retain the dignity and traditions of the Kabaka and his nation. This will entail the election of a new Katikiro, or Prime Minister. Yet it is now pointed out that only the Kabaka has the power of handing over the *damula,* or staff of office, from the present to a new Katikiro—and the Kabaka must remain in London for nine months after the constitution comes into effect. How, then, can a new Katikiro be appointed, and invested with full authority, and the new constitution be put into operation? To take the *damula* out of the country would be as serious an affront to Buganda tradition as to remove the Coronation Stone from Westminster Abbey!

* * *

Here is a letter which I received this week:

> What you write about West Derby is very true. I was born in Liverpool and lived and worked both sides of the River Mersey up to seven years ago. It is my considered opinion that *anarchy,* not apathy, was the cause of the West Derby defeat. I am now 74 years of age, so I knew the Labour Movement in the old days.
>
> When the worker goes to work, he's "clocked on." If he's late, he has to suffer. He's told to start work and he does. But when he has a grievance and it is submitted to his T.U. Executive there is delay, meetings, conferences, reference back and so on. Moreover he doesn't get encouragement from those in charge, such as branch secretaries. They say in effect: preserve the status quo. So now the docker, when he has a grievance, has his unofficial strike with good unofficial leaders to show him how easy it's done, and the General Secretary claws his hair in his office and sides with the employers.
>
> The docker now uses the trade union for certain routine purposes, and when he needs a rise in pay, gets it himself (with the aid of his mates) and then steps back into his job, using the union for non-victimisation purposes. So when Mrs. Donnelly, who is a docker's wife, speaks to Mrs. Jones, the railwayman's wife next door, saying, "Who are you voting for, love?" Mrs. Jones says, "Nobody, as our Jim says they're all the same once they get in." The Tories bring out their lovely motor cars on polling day, the Tory candidate's wife kisses Mrs. Jones's baby to get a vote for her husband, and Mrs. Jones says, "If you were to put a finger on that car tomorrow, they'd put you in the police court."

* * *

I was distressed the other day to hear of the sudden death of an old friend, H. J. Timperley. He served for many years in the Far East as correspondent of *The Times,* then of the *Guardian* and later as representative to the United Nations. In recent years he became a member of the Society of Friends and was absorbed in the "War on Want" movement. I turned to one of his books, *Japan, a World Problem,* which is a thoughtful study of Japan at the time when Tokio's victories made her temporarily master of Asia. The book at any rate tried to face the central question. "I believe," he wrote, "that too much attention has been paid to the supposed economic reasons for the conflict and too little to those deep-rooted psychological motives which have been spurring on the Japanese to world domination." He attributed as much significance to the role of its military oligarchy as to the population problem. I doubt if any Westerner can ever be quite sure of the balance in Japan of these psychological and economic forces. Are you sure after reading the papers, for instance, whether Mr. Yoshida, who found himself no longer his party's leader after perhaps too fraternal a visit to Washington and London, has been thrown out for purely personal reasons, or is it in any way a mark of a real shift in the social balance and orientation of Japanese politics?

* * *

It was George Robey's name that was the occasion of the best (but I am surprised to find not the most commonly known) of all legal witticisms. Mr. Justice Darling, facetious as ever, had asked "And *who* is George Robey?" Counsel's reply was: "They call him the darling of the halls, my Lord." So he was. He was endlessly enjoyed by a public which goes to music halls primarily for naughtiness, but likes its naughtiness to pretend not to be. The pretence, of course, might be thin, but how much was added to salacious enjoyment because he used no shocking words but himself feigned shocked surprise when his audience caught his suggestions? He was probably nearest to the bone on the occasion when he dashed out, as he said, to see his doctor and came back to be received by clapping. "Yes," he said, "I'm afraid that was it." Never personally malicious, he saw no particular fun in people falling on banana skins. He was, of course, also a clown of genius, but I think I am right in believing that his peculiar attraction came from the release that he gave to people who wanted impropriety and also wanted to be shocked by it. Such a character, one would say, would never be awarded the accolade of knighthood by the British monarch, but he was knighted—at the age of 85 when the power to shock and please had passed away. Sir George Robey's career was a triumph of Englishry.

CRITIC

HEIL STRYDOM

The people deserve the government they get.—MR. HAVENGA.

Baas Strydom, baas Strydom, take over the reins,
  And gallop right back to the age of Oom Paul!
Release Afrikaners from Commonwealth chains,
  With new Boer Commandos, Boer burghers, Boer farmers,
    Boer preachers, schoolteachers, and all!

Disfranchise Outlanders from Kruger's Transvaal!
  The British Protectorates to Strydom must fall!
The Union Kaffirs drive back to the kraal,
  With Indians, Cape Coloured, Malays, Bechuanas,
    Basutos and Swazis and all!

Now Strydom is seated where Kruger once sat,
  The Nationalist Party for action will call
Till President Strydom wears Kruger's top-hat,
  Ruling burghers, and farmers, and preachers, and judges,
    The Raadsaal, Supreme Court and all.

Now scatter for ever the Party of Strauss!
  Jan Smuts, General Botha, bury once and for all!
The Republican flag hoist on Government House,
  With Viljoen, van Rijn, Dr. Diederichs, Erasmus,
    Malan, and the spook of Oom Paul!

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Have single women ever thought of praying for a husband? At 36 I went into a church and prayed.

"Look here, Lord," I said, "if you want me to be married it's up to you to find me a husband."

Imagine my surprise three days later when a complete stranger (from that church) asked me to marry him.—Letter in *Daily Sketch*. (H. Gillis.)

We often read in the papers of people picking raspberries in the winter. . . .

I believe the catalogues call them "Lloyd George," but in our garden they have had this name changed several times; since 1940, we have called them "Winston."—*Bristol Evening Post*. (L. Leschke.)

"It gives a girl a funny feeling to think of people looking at her pin-up pictures in Moscow."—From interview in *Sunday Pictorial*. (O. Hull.)

England's cricket would have been in as parlous a state since the war without Hutton as the war effort would have been without Churchill.—*Evening News*. (J. A. C. Robertson.)

Found.—Sheep, long tail, white face. If not claimed in seven days will be eaten to defray expenses.—*Western Gazette*. (Margaret Toop.)

Thoughts in the Wilderness

SOMETHING ELSE

MUCH of the dissatisfaction so many of us express now, in writing, in our talk, even in our behaviour (I try to avoid that one), seems to me to have nothing to do with what we write, talk or fuss about. We feel the dissatisfaction, the ache of disappointment, the irritating sense of frustration, the anger at having somehow been mysteriously cheated, and we try to find sensible reasons, usually on a newspaper topic level. The Russians! The Americans! The French! Churchill! Bevan! Rising prices! Taxes! State of literature, the theatre, the arts, anything! Of course, we have plenty of excuses. Look at the strain of modern living! Look at the advertisers who remind us of the strain of modern living! Look at the people who write about the advertisers who remind us of the strain of modern living! We could go on and on and on. And yet, when all allowance has been made, there is Something Else.

It is this Something Else that is stoking the furnaces far below, making our faces so red and angry, lifting our voices an octave or so. The gigantic sales of booze nowadays—and I buy and consume my share—owe much to this Something Else. It is odd, by the way, how unrealistic most people are about our present drinking habits. Thus, when I produced a novel called *Festival At Farbridge*, several people, including the late Cyril Joad, who liked the book and wrote to tell me so, protested that I had made my characters drink far too much. Now it is true they drank a good deal, but I doubt if they drank as much as many people of the same type do in real life. We middle-class English are steadily pickling ourselves. If we do not cut such a drunken figure in the world's eye as some other nations do, that is because our heads are stronger. I know delicate fair ladies who, without disarranging a wisp of hair or misplacing a syllable, can put away an amount of hard liquor that would send an old-fashioned navvy under the table. There are men among us doing important jobs, and doing them well too, who have not been strictly sober for years. Every new enterprise now is launched on a flood of dry Martinis, pink gins and double Scotches. It is the labouring and artisan classes, busy saving for a larger TV set, fortnights at holiday camps, coach trips to spectacular occasions, who now represent temperance and sobriety. The professional and managerial types lap up the booze like sailors on leave. This is not all mere habit—though it plays a part, of course—for much of it, I feel, and especially the final tippling, the Ones For The Road, comes from an attempt to drown the conviction that there is Something Else, something that ought to be there, lighting up the evening, but just isn't. It is, much of it, that kind of drinking, not out of high spirits, like the occasional wild sprees of youth, but born of a lowered vitality, of disappointment, of melancholy disillusion. Again, it is mostly found among the middle-aged, though the young take to it fairly soon.

At this point, I can assume there has been an interruption. This Something Else, I am told, is a living religion, without which our lives are incomplete. And I agree. But only with some reservations that will be unwelcome. A religion that arrived like some great burning vision would make this talk of Something Else seem foolish babble. And, of course, there are men and women who have found all they want in existing creeds. But they are not the men and women I am describing, and among the latter are converts—often enthusiastic, according to their statements—to old faiths. Nevertheless, they are as much the victims of Something Else as the rest of us are. There they are, faith or no faith, looking rather glazed as the evening drags on, shrugging their shoulders, accepting another round or deciding—and what a queer touch of despair there is in the familiar phrase—"to call it a day". No doubt they are wrong to behave like this; no doubt their faith condemns such behaviour. But that is in fact how they do behave, like the rest of us—and often a bit worse. And now, sir or madam, unless you have some great burning vision with you, unless you can in a thunderflash make us fall in love with life and one another together, pray allow me to continue about this teasing Something Else.

You have your friends in. They are their usual delightful selves. Nothing goes wrong. There is some argument, but not too heated; opinions, impressions, stories, are exchanged; common friends, doubtful acquaintances, work, politics, new books, plays, films, are discussed; you laugh at their jokes, they laugh at yours; joint excursions are planned; all is easy and companionable, rosy and warm against the black night. Yet when they have gone, when you are emptying the ash trays or washing the glasses, you feel once again that the evening was smaller, dimmer, more routine, than it ought to have been, that some mysterious but vital element was missing. For this you can blame neither yourself nor your friends, though there are ugly moments when you tell yourself that perhaps you have seen too much of the So-and-So's, that his egoism and her determined prattle are becoming rather hard to take. As a rule, however, you know that it is nobody's fault. Nor can you imagine what it is you have missed. You never expected nor desired a drunken orgy; or an evening in the German Romantic style, with eternal friendship being sworn as the tears ran down your cheeks; or an occasion studded with jewels of wit in the best eighteenth-century French manner; or some symposium of beautifully cadenced speeches on Good and Evil, the Sublime, the Soul and the Everlasting Ideas. What, then, did you want that the evening never brought you? Wistful and idiotic, you can only mutter: . . . *I dunno . . . I dunno . . . Something Else. . . .*

It is the same if you have an evening out. You have been working hard and well, perhaps there is something to celebrate, so you take your beloved to the theatre. Not, of course, to the usual stale rubbish, concocted with one eye on coach parties from Luton. No, no, this is the real thing: perhaps the great Dame Edith is in command, at once sublimely majestic and infinitely adroit; or the enchanting Peggy, like some embodiment of the Magic Flute; or the earthy yet elfin Sir Ralph, a Bottom for ever haunted by Titania; or the protean Alec with the same clear flame of intelligence illuminating each character: it is all as good as we can make it now. You come out into the old sardonic night bubbling and chattering in praise of the star, the whole cast, the production, the director, the scene designer, even the author if you want to go to that length. You will tell your friends they must see this piece, you will try to see it again yourself, enjoy another good evening. Yes, a good evening, no doubt of that. No, no, couldn't have been better! Wonderful, really! And yet . . . and yet. . . . So once again there falls across your mind, its surface glossy with forced enthusiasm, the shadow of that Something Else.

Films, opera, ballet, music halls, parties, fancy occasions—but why go on? I will, however, add this about myself—that now the shadow falls for me even on a night of music. I hate to confess it, but truth compels me to. I have not spent as much time with music as I have with literature and cannot pretend to the same knowledge of it. But it has always seemed to me—perhaps because I have not had to wrest a livelihood out of it—the most rewarding, inspiring, *cleansing*, of the arts. The last thing I ever heard Arnold Bennett say was after one of Toscanini's first concerts at the Queen's Hall, of blessed memory. He didn't like me—alas—but now and again he let up. After Toscanini's *Eroica* had shown us the stature of our souls, he could forget in his essential decency the dogfight of professional authorship, and he cried in his queer staccato high-pitched fashion: "Gives us—a lift—doesn't it?" And many a lift indeed this noble art has given me, so that I have come floating out of concerts feeling more like a radiant spirit than a heavy little bag of blood and guts, envy and malice. I am always grumbling and growling in these columns, until some people must feel that nothing that happens now, no manifestation of this age, could ever please me; but here I will declare that our recording and reproduction of music, the work of our scientists and technicians, brings us a gift so precious that it almost redeems the noise and idiocy of the time. To sit late, as I did the other night over a greying log, and absorb Schubert's Quintet in C, that last and noblest work, exploring a depth of tenderness far beyond the reach of words, alone with it, free from the distraction, the stir and creak of an audience, with nobody to mark how moved I was—why, this is to receive a benediction from the laboratories, where a thousand experts have worried a million cigarettes so that at last spirit should seem to cry to spirit. And no darkening and chilling reminder of Something Else on this occasion, I grant you. But at concerts, full-blown with humanity and rattling hard with applause, once so flawless and golden even though doomsday came thundering through the brass and kettledrums, now the shadow falls. They are good still, but they are not Something Else.

And now for it. If I have no explanation to offer, then all is whimsy-whamsy. Courage, courage! There are two clues. The first I have already indicated. We lack, we Something Elsers, the unifying force of a strong religious faith. Where the central-heating furnace ought to be in the basement is a dark, cold, empty space. Our lives have no sacred common ground. Some essential links, even within ourselves as well as with others, are missing. We cannot see one another as subjects of the same invisible kingdom. We are not ourselves all of a piece. So much is admitted: when the vision blazes again, there will be no more talk of Something Else. Meanwhile, let us examine the second clue. I said that the shadow did not fall, there was no cold gap in the experience, when I was sitting late listening to Schubert. And why not? Because, I suggest, here for me things usually separated were newly combined. It was not nine o'clock in a concert hall but midnight at home. In place of the usual book were those five instruments, murmuring and weaving. The instance is a small one, nevertheless the clue is there. Dissatisfaction seeps through because the patterns, fixed for so long, are becoming worn. I do not merely mean that they have been fixed so long for me individually, though my own age is not without its influence and I would not expect a lad of eighteen to feel the same. But even he would not feel as secure and happy with them as he would have done fifty or a hundred years ago. Not boredom—for that I do not defend—but this faint but persistent unease, this feeling that experience falls short of expectation, will trouble him long before it would have visited his forefathers. We need to break the patterns, to combine good things in new ways. Perhaps our friends ought to come and act for us or paint us. Perhaps we ought to crowd round the stage and exchange speeches with Dame Edith or Sir Ralph. Perhaps Bertrand Russell ought to help the Sadler's Wells Ballet, and Arnold Toynbee appear with the Philharmonia Orchestra. Perhaps we ought to rehearse our dinner parties and extemporise our stage performances. Perhaps novels ought to be a mixture of printed pages and recordings. Perhaps film and TV scripts ought to be written by metaphysicians, mad clergymen, and women who have kept low drinking dens. Perhaps Mills' Circus and the Royal Society could work something out together. I don't know. But I know there could be, must be, Something Else.

J. B. Priestley

LOOK
at these years
1955
1956

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So They Say . . .

The newspapers got off to a slow start in the race to profit from Sir Winston's disclosure of his "German Army" telegram. Only the *Daily Worker* realised immediately that it was sensational: CHURCHILL CONFESSES HIS 1945 GUILT was its main headline on the morning after the Woodford speech. The next day (Thursday, November 25) it had got into its stride.

> Never in the history of an alliance has there been such treachery to an ally. . . . This is the real reason for the lack of post-war agreement. . . . What Churchill was prepared to do in 1945 and couldn't, he is trying to do in 1954.

By Thursday, however, Sir Winston's critics had seen their opportunity. *The Times,* which had buried the reference to the telegram at the foot of a column on Wednesday, saw in it new support for its campaign against the Premier. "What on earth made him say it?" *The Times* asked in an unusually colloquial style.

> . . . it is impossible to see what purpose or good it can serve at this time. . . . The idea was unrealistic at the time; it is unwise to come out with it now. . . . [The] ill-timed remark . . . will not help to convince the Russians that the Western Powers are straightforward in their declarations of peace today. Nor, by suggesting that we were ready to arm Nazi-indoctrinated troops in 1945, will it help the cause of West German rearmament now.

The *Daily Herald* had also seen by Thursday that the telegram could possibly be turned to Party advantage.

> The astonishing statement . . . could not have come at a worse moment. For it is bound to rekindle all Russia's old personal suspicions of Sir Winston . . . Never has there been a more astonishing indiscretion in a speech by a Prime Minister.

The *Herald* recalled Sir Winston's Fulton speech and asked: "How much responsibility was his, and how much Stalin's, for the fixity of the cold war?" Having thus successfully revived the central controversy of the 1951 election, the *Herald* concluded . . .

> Now that his secret is out it may explain why Sir Winston has always failed to open top-level negotiations with the Russians . . . somebody else . . . should undertake them. Churchill is not the man.

For the *Daily Mirror,* which has long been demanding Sir Winston's resignation, "Churchill's Blunder" was further proof of his incapacity. "This is the man who wants to meet Malenkov to talk about the future. What does he do now? He rakes up the past." On Friday, devoting its front page to its indictment—as it did again on Saturday—the *Mirror* quoted British and foreign press reaction, announced that the disclosure was "a birthday gift" for the Communists, and argued that

> . . . with one unparalleled blunder he has damaged his influence and prestige as a negotiator in the cold war. . . . We believe that his astonishing indiscretion totally justifies the *Daily Mirror* campaign that he should retire. . . . Has he other untimely revelations in store for future birthday rallies?

Illogically, but with a gallantry that no doubt accorded with its readers' sentiments, the *Mirror* ceased fire on Monday. Though it "is in the middle of a quarrel with Sir Winston . . . tomorrow is Winston's Day. It is his eightieth birthday, and that calls for a truce."

The *News Chronicle* was mild and detached. On Thursday it commented:

> It may have been a prudent order. But it was not, at this moment, a prudent public disclosure. . . . Sir Winston, of all people, should have known that this is not the way to smooth the path of coexistence.

The *Daily Sketch* and *Daily Mail* followed the rule that when in doubt one abuses plaintiff's attorney. On Saturday, November 27, the *Sketch* wrote:

> . . . the noisy little men of the Left . . . can rock the boat as much as they like . . . all the cat-calls and yells from this discredited gang will not disturb the day for him. . . . The manufactured tempest will die away . . . when these noisy Socialists, ably assisted by *The Times* and the *Daily Worker,* realise that all their trumped-up indignation has once more failed to shift this great old man.

The *Mail,* which also denounced the Left, declared on Friday that

> . . . at once superior papers and persons of all shades of opinion have rushed in to rend him. One would think that Churchill had betrayed his country instead of foreseeing a dire possibility and preparing against it.

On Saturday, the *Daily Express* tried to defend Churchill, attack the Labour Party, and oppose German rearmament, all in one short editorial. "If Churchill's 1945 proposal . . . was wrong," it wrote, "the Socialists are not in a position to say so. For they are willing to rearm the Germans now, when the atom bomb is available to defend the West."

For a more sober defence of the Premier, one had to turn to the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Evening Standard.* On Friday the *Guardian* insisted the critics' pretext

> . . . was hardly a creditable one. . . . Some of the strictures on him smack of hypocrisy. It is nonsense to pretend that . . . Churchill was showing unwarrantable distrust of a loyal ally.

The *Guardian* considered that "the rearming of the defeated enemy to withstand the invasion of a supposed ally . . . would have been a legitimate use of military force," regretted that the "controversy is likely to feed the sloppy pro-Russian sentimentalism that is so prevalent" in the Labour Party, and said that, though the disclosure was "a source of confusion," "the common sense view is that it is silly to be censorious."

The *Standard,* which argued on Friday night that Churchill's wartime distrust of the Russians was justified, thought that the suggestion that this disclosure

> . . . may jeopardise the chances of the West reaching a fresh agreement with the Russians . . . is a childish idea fit only for the pages of the *Daily Mirror.*

It thought that most of the present Soviet leaders "feared Stalin just as much as Churchill did," and concluded that "the Socialists are making a tremendous fuss . . . to divert attention from their own squalid bickerings."

Queequeg

Horace Plunkett

I KNEW Horace Plunkett, whose centenary Co-operators in many countries have been celebrating this year, only in his latter days, when his great work for Irish Co-operation had been done and was being partly undone during the "Troubles." He was still in those latter days a person of great energy and adventurousness, intensely interested in flying his own aeroplane as well as in helping agricultural Co-operators to organise their forces for the making good of war-time losses and dislocations. He was busy preparing to set up the Horace Plunkett Foundation, which has served ever since as the principal rendezvous for Co-operators throughout the world, especially those from the agricultural movements of the less-developed countries.

Plunkett came to believe strongly that the right foundation for the improvement of rural standards was Co-operation among producers both in grading and marketing their produce and in purchasing their supplies. His main work lay in Ireland; but his interests were world-wide. He regularly re-visited the United States, where he acted as adviser to Theodore Roosevelt and played a large part in building up Co-operation among farmers, especially in the West, and also in Canada. He went to India, and had a big influence on Co-operative development there in the 1920s; and the rural Co-operative movement in China and in other parts of the Far East was largely inspired by his ideas. Students from Asia came in considerable numbers to the Horace Plunkett Foundation to study Co-operative methods. As early as 1905, the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, which Plunket had founded, sent to South Africa a Co-operative organiser, who laid the foundations of Co-operative organisation among the Cape farmers.

In Great Britain, Plunkett was immediately less successful, though the foundation of the English, Scottish and Welsh Agricultural Organisation Societies was due to his influence, and the Horace Plunkett Foundation has been closely associated with the revival of British agricultural Co-operative activity during the years since 1945. Under British conditions, the National Farmers' Union has shown a tendency to subordinate agricultural Co-operation to its own policies, especially in England; and the movement has never attained to the same ideological quality as was given to it in Ireland by Plunkett and his collaborators in the early years of the present century. Even in Ireland it appears in recent times to have lost much of its idealism, though an attempt has been made recently to regain the old spirit under the guidance of a National Co-operative Council which still links Southern and Northern Ireland agriculturally together in a common movement.

Horace Plunkett was a remarkable person to converse with. His interests were very wide, and he had the art of making persons who were temperamentally far apart sink their differences and find common ground in his own ideas. Of politics, in a narrow sense, he was apt to show himself impatient, because he felt that the clue to human progress was to be found in persuading men to work together for concrete ends that could be made to appeal to them irrespective of political disputes. This attitude was, of course, greatly strengthened by his experiences in Ireland, where he saw economic development as the only hope of the unity he had at heart. But he applied the same vision to the affairs of other countries, seeking to transcend racial and religious, as well as political, quarrels by invoking the idea of Co-operation as a way of life as well as a means to agricultural advance. The limited vision of the established Consumers' Co-operative movements of Western Europe appalled him, despite his sympathy with their aims; and he found himself much more at home with Indian or Chinese idealists or with the successful practitioners of rural Co-operation in Scandinavia and Holland, in Czechoslovakia and Italy and the Balkans, than with the

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urban Co-operators of Great Britain and Germany, who dominated the International Co-operative Alliance.

To his mind, Co-operation was a gospel, as well as a trading method—though he always insisted on the imperative need for a sound business basis for it, and had no use for any idealism that failed to plant its feet firmly on the ground. Politically, his attempts at Irish reconciliation failed; and many of his creameries suffered during the "Troubles." But economically he had built too well for his movement to be destroyed; and some of its idealistic quality survived. His book, *Ireland in the New Century*, first published in 1907, lives on as the expression of that mingling of hard-headed business acumen with a clearly conceived philosophy of rural life which is to-day finding new embodiments in the developing Co-operative movements of many colonial areas, and is fighting a hard battle over a large part of rural Europe against both peasant individualism and the totalitarian tendencies of Russian-based agricultural collectivisation.

G. D. H. Cole

Hope for Epileptics

> If I should have an epileptic fit, please loosen my collar, put something soft under my head, and leave a clear space around me. Do not lift me up. Do not give me anything to drink. Do not restrict my movements unless I am hurting myself. I usually recover consciousness in . . . minutes. If I do, you need not call a doctor, nor send me to hospital or call the police. I should like to go home to . . . .

These simple directions, on a card supplied to every epileptic who makes himself known to the British Epilepsy Association (the "B.Ep.A.") 136 George Street, W.1, are, of course, useless unless you look for the card itself. A necessary minimum of people—police, ambulance men, etc.—are learning to look for it when they observe that a person having a fit is wearing a small lapel badge with a design representing a lighted candle. This, it might be said, is the badge of the intelligent and co-operative epileptic; and although it is issued by the B.Ep.A., it designedly omits those letters and is associated with epilepsy only by the initiated. The people who wear it are often asked what it means. "Oh," they say, "it's something I belong to." And in this world of comically portentous secret societies, inquirers nod vaguely and let the matter drop.

For epilepsy is one of the few disabilities that are still held in semi-superstitious abhorrence. It is penalised, uneasily but with impenetrable obstinacy, by employers of labour, and misunderstood with medieval fatheadedness by non-epileptics passing by at the time of a fit. The epileptic carries two main burdens. One is the reluctance of the average employer to take the chance that any fits occurring during working hours will do so at reasonably convenient moments and places. (If he takes this chance, he normally discovers that fits increase for a very short time under the slight nervous strain of new surroundings, but thereafter decrease markedly. And he will often have the strangely exalting experience of seeing a lost personality restored to full dignity under his protection.) The other is the fussing of kind-hearted bystanders while the fits are going on. "After the mildest seizure in a public place," writes Dr. Letitia Fairfield, in an admirable addition* to the Duckworth *Modern Health Series*,

> an epileptic is apt to find himself surrounded by a gaping crowd with a doctor bending over him: or being lifted into an ambulance: or even in a hospital casualty ward, painfully aware that he is regarded as a gate-crasher. He is lucky if he has not been drenched with water or dosed with alcohol, and, at times, he may have to lament bruised wrists or a broken tooth due to misdirected efforts at first aid.

When the disease manifests itself in childhood today, there is no longer occasion for the horror with which parents used to react nor excuse for the cruelty with which they used to isolate and conceal their afflicted child. Many children recover completely if, without ostentation, they are given regular treatment with the modern drugs, extra attention to simple health rules, and special protection against the epileptic's four main risks—fire, water, heights, and traffic. The schooling problems can all be coped with, even the misery of "double incontinence"; for we are more jealous of the right to acquire education than of the right to sell it in the labour market, and it is seldom that no suitable school can be found.

But the case of the adult epileptic is still deplorable. Many have had little or no education or parental control. Lack of affection, shamed isolation and concealment, the loss of successive employments when the dreaded fit has occurred during working hours, have led in many cases to what is called the "epileptic temperament"—a socially crippling attitude of aggression and suspicion. The supreme problem, in every case, is whether any epileptic seeking a job should hide his disability in the hope that he will never have a fit while at work. Not long ago the British Epilepsy Association wrote to three of the biggest and most socially progressive firms in the country, asking what conditions they imposed on the employment of epileptics. "We never employ epileptics," they said, "or not knowingly."

There are jobs that no epileptic should be required or allowed to do, but there are many that he can do without risk to himself or to others. The "aura" that sometimes precedes a major fit, a kind of warning period, may be long enough for safety precautions to be taken. There are cases (though they should not have occurred) of steeplejacks having time to rope themselves to their ladders. But whereas the label "epileptic" will prevent most employers from so much as considering an applicant for a job, regardless of the infrequency or mildness of the attacks, the concealment of it makes dismissal a certainty when the first fit comes. Disablement Resettlement Officers at labour exchanges are at a disadvantage here. When getting a man a job, they may not mention past epilepsy without the applicant's permission; but if the employer happens to be a good friend to the labour exchange and has acquired complete trust in the D.R.O., any recurrence of fits (theoretically possible after several years of quiescence) can severely damage a relationship that is among the most precious in the whole field of industrial welfare.

And yet those excellent memorials to Victorian philanthropy, the "epileptic colonies," although they were founded when treatment was rudimentary and permanent shelter seemed the greatest of all needs, are curing a rising proportion of epileptics today, mainly by the ingenious use of graded work in sheltered conditions. There are ten such colonies. The Victorian dream that their endowment with agricultural land would make them self-supporting has never quite come true, but some of their farms are celebrated—at the Chalfont Colony of the National Society for Epileptics, which occupies a beautiful 350-acre estate near Chalfont St. Peter, I recently saw a farm that sells its surplus dairy produce in surrounding villages and makes £1,000 a year profit.

VICKY'S CHURCHILL

In response to readers' requests Vicky's cartoon of Churchill as seen through the eyes of seven famous artists is being reprinted, by lithography, slightly larger than the reproductions in last week's issue. Available next week: 1s. 6d. per copy (by post 2s.). Five or more copies post free.

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The first of the colonies were founded in 1857, when bromides—the new universal panacea—began to be used for epilepsy and the resistance of certain intractable cases forced the recognition that some were probably chronic. Chalfont was opened in 1894. It accommodates nearly six hundred epileptic men, women, and children. The men and women, ranging in age from 21 to 80 years, are mainly the so-called "unemployables," the people unable to train at Industrial Rehabilitation Units and unsuitable even for Remploy factories—most of which will now take a rather higher proportion of epileptics than of any other single category of disabled persons.

I wasn't prepared, when I went round the Chalfont Colony with its secretary-superintendent, to see so high a proportion of the residents with visible disabilities—in particular, it seemed to me, a general spastic unsteadiness—as well as with epilepsy. The brisk and contented atmosphere of the place obscures, for the casual visitor, the fact that people living in these colonies are, for the most part, those for whom no place can be found in the world outside. The workshops, farm buildings, school-rooms, and dormitories have no special characteristics; but because an epileptic cannot be left alone near water, each bathroom contains at least two baths. I noticed also that the jambs of all the lavatory doors can themselves be turned back on hinges when an epileptic behind the "locked" door is seized with an attack. But there is a noticeable absence of "institutionalism"—as of visible epilepsy. Although the superintendent told me that there were sometimes fifty fits in a day, I was in the Colony for four or five hours without seeing one. I should have liked to see what the staff—and the patients—did about fits. I was taught at first-aid classes to put a pencil between the patient's teeth, but here is Dr. Fairfield (whose word anyone would accept) saying in her book: "Better a bitten tongue than a broken tooth is one of the first principles of first aid."

The care and resettlement of our 100,000 known epileptics today is work for the patient and the optimistic, its greatest single obstacle being the ignorant intractability of public prejudice. "It seems incredible," writes Dr. Fairfield, "that educated people should think that fits are often fatal or that epileptics are mentally deficient or liable to run mad sooner or later, but one encounters these beliefs still active." One also encounters the erroneous beliefs that epilepsy itself is hereditary, that sufferers must never marry, and that a difficult temperament is an invariable symptom of the disease rather than of the inhumanity with which it has been socially treated. Dr. Fairfield's book should dispose of these. We have moved a long way since Jane Austen's epileptic brother was so anxiously concealed within the fortress of the family; but concealment, no less than the discredited reasons for it, is still hampering a great work of mercy.

C. H. Rolph

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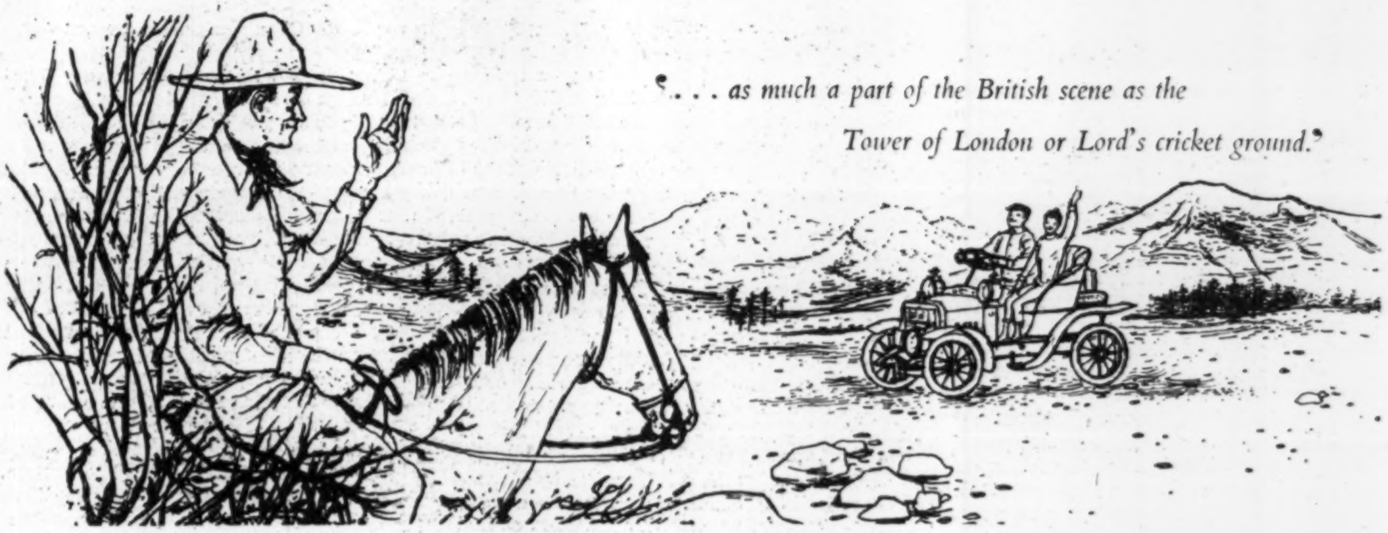
* *Epilepsy.* By Letitia Fairfield. *Duckworth.* 8*s.* 6*d.*



'. . . as much a part of the British scene as the Tower of London or Lord's cricket ground.'

WHO would have thought that a film about so English an eccentricity as a veteran car rally would have cosmopolitan appeal? Certainly Pinewood Studios did—and GENEVIEVE has chugged a long, long way since she first took the London-to-Brighton road. No sleek limousine or high-powered racing car has ever equalled the success of this lovable veteran; nor earned so many valuable prizes in so many countries. For this gay comedy is winning pounds and pesetas, kroner and guilders, francs and escudos—dollars too. What's more, it's an export which millions have enjoyed at home.

The Amazing Adventures of GENEVIEVE

WORLD TOUR

'The pleasures of laughter! I listened to those waves of gaiety that swept over the room; and when the show was finished I saw its freshness reflected in the faces of the audience.' So wrote the film-critic of *Le Figaro* when GENEVIEVE opened at the Paris Cinema in the Champs-Elysées—later to smash all house records. More records were broken in Brussels and Amsterdam. In Zurich and Stockholm GENEVIEVE played to capacity houses. On the other side of the Atlantic, too, it has won laurels—acclaimed right across Canada; with an all-time record at the Sutton Cinema in New York; as Britain's representative at Brazil's Sao Paulo Film Festival.

In Melbourne, on June 29th last year, GENEVIEVE smashed all house records at the Odeon Cinema.

EXPORT DRIVE

This film is only one illustration of the remarkable recovery of British films during the last few years—of the success that they are now enjoying overseas. (Last year 50% of the Rank Group's film earnings came from abroad.) It's good to know that this section of the British Film Industry is once more in top gear.

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A Visit to Granada

I STAYED in a pension in Granada directly opposite the Bodega Muñoz. Every day I intended to leave Granada for the North, for Paris, for England, for all that was overdue, looming, side-stepped. But there, right opposite my front door, was the Bodega Muñoz. It was a cruel piece of town-planning. A pause on the front-door step, a long precise glance at my watch, a moment of feigned despair, a tiny voice to be stifled, and then in. Into the deep, cool, sherry-laden gloom, where the fat wine barrels winked at you like merry monks, and the glasses chinked and the world was lost in a buzz of talk. Stand still in Granada and you will find a friend. You need not order a drink. A glass is put into your hand.

After the Bodega Muñoz there was always the Alhambra and the Generalifé. Somebody would say: "You must come and see our Alhambra." Or there was a new tourist girl at the pension who would say: "I am just dying to see the Alhambra. . . ." I would never be a fit guide to explain the architectural details of this place: directly I arrived at the Patio of the Fountains, I fell asleep, lulled by nightingales and gurgling water. When I woke up, guide or girl was gone. The girl would be inevitably picked up in the Patio of the Lions because foreign-girl-hunting is an established minor industry in Granada, with its headquarters in the Alhambra.

Few natives of Granada otherwise visit it, except on Sundays when entrance is free, and everybody goes, angrily and stridently, just to show whom it belongs to. Outside the Alhambra is an unpretentious rustic café, where the foreign-girl-hunters post their spies. You can buy good, cheap manzanilla here and drowse under the tall trees; there is a slight odour of sanctity. Spaniards give little thought to animals, but outside the Alhambra great respect is shown to civilisation. One of my guides once jumped up in a fury and shouted at a boy who was thrashing a donkey. "Barbarian," he yelled. "Haven't you enough culture to refrain from beating donkeys *here*?"

The only trouble with the Bodega Muñoz was the difficulty in obtaining cigarettes, or, for that matter, obtaining them anywhere in Granada. Rival cigarette gangs bought up all the available stocks and sold them in the streets for a profit. This meant walking up and down Granada making signs at people until one of them whipped out a packet. During one of these sorties, between returning from the Alhambra and visiting the Bodega, I suddenly decided to return to England. I walked briskly into an agency to buy a ticket. "No train, señor," said the clerk; "not until the day after tomorrow." I drifted back to the Bodega, and a glass was put into my hand. My host was an elderly man with a sharp nose and a bright eye. "Alas," he said, "you are seeing a dying Granada, my friend. The spark has gone out of it. I suppose you would like to visit the Alhambra? I would be delighted to accompany you." I explained that I had just returned from sleeping in the Patio of the Fountains. "To sleep is best," said my friend. "It is really only an exquisite shell." He handed me his card. On it was printed "Francisco Lorca."

"But are you related to the poet?" I asked. The elderly man put his finger to his lips. "Please do not discuss this matter here," he said. "Let us go somewhere else." I followed him out of the Bodega Muñoz along a number of streets and into a small bar. "Here we can talk freely," he said. "Tell me, do you know about Garcia Lorca?" "Certainly," I replied, "his poetry is greatly loved in England, even in our translations." "I am of his family. I saw him before he was murdered. He came from Madrid in June, 1936, to have a holiday in the family house in the Callejon del Nevot. The police called for him a month later. He was shot on the twenty-fourth of July and buried in the cemetery. He was the third member of our family to be murdered by the Fascist dogs. Twice I myself have hid on the roof. Granada is dead. There is no heart here. Dereliction, tourists and ruins."

"But can't one mention Garcia's name here?" I asked. "By no means. His poetry can't be published. He doesn't exist. I don't exist." He swallowed his drink. "Would you care to hear some funny stories about the Generalissimo?" He told me some stories, including a very crude one about Gibraltar. Then he proposed that we visit the gypsies.

We walked up to the caves, speared by the professional cries of children. There was a slight derelict barrier of hate. "May the Glory of God descend on your beautiful face and give you a long life and countless children. Give me twenty pesetas." We entered a neat, white cave, and I met a family of twenty gypsies. They had everything that has been lost, that many don't know about, that some are always looking for. Happiness in the wrist, love in the eye, fire in the dress. A boy and a girl danced in and out of death without getting scathed. It was secure. A moon hung in the sky outside the cave and they danced there like flames, and squabbled. Then forty-five Germans arrived with cine-cameras and jokes, and the children came out of the caves with knives in their eyes and whined. My companion and I went back to the Bodega.

I intended to leave by the next available train, but a French girl arrived at the pension and was put at my table. "*Je suis venue,*" she said, "*pour voir l'Alhambra.*" I lost her in the Patio of the Lions, woke up and returned to the Bodega. Here somebody introduced me to a well-dressed middle-aged man who had the air of a permanent official, of someone who would always be just on the right side. He looked at me attentively and said little. His eyes were never off me for a second. "This gentleman is a civil officer of the Falange," said a voice. The Falangista examined me even more keenly and eventually spoke. "You are English?" "Yes," I said. "A tourist?" "I don't know if that is the word. I used to live in Seville. I am a writer." "Ah," said the Falangista with a lot of meaning in his voice. I began to feel uncomfortable. But we continued drinking, and suddenly a ridiculous devil tapped me gently behind the ear. "What do you think of Lorca?" I asked him. He didn't reply, just gazed at me and flicked the ash off his cigarette. "Will you follow me outside?" he said suddenly. "Certainly," I replied. I suddenly felt alone and small in the middle of Granada, as I followed the plump, good-looking official through the streets.

"Where are we going?" I asked him, feeling in my pocket to make sure I had my passport. "To Headquarters," he said shortly; "that building over there." He pointed to a grey, ominous building like a disguised prison. "Come inside," he said, holding open the door and leading me into a long room with an enormous counter. "What will you have? All drinks are free here." I ordered a manzanilla. "To the Queen of England," said the Falangista, holding up his glass. "You just asked me about Lorca, the magnificent poet of Granada. Ah, Lorca. . . ." He started to recite: "*Verde, que te quiero verde,*" paused for a moment trying to remember a word, when a small dark waiter leant across the bar counter and concluded the poem. "Lorca," said the waiter, pouring out more drinks, "was murdered by the Fascist dogs. Granada is dead and without heart."

"What do you think of our country?" asked the Falange official. "Speak out," cried the waiter; "you are safe here." I drank more manzanilla, summoning words. Spain was a dusty, broken country of buried talent. It was a country, like a ragged child undrained of gaiety, to love. I tried to say this through the manzanilla. Then there were more drinks, and the Falange official and the waiter told stories about the Generalissimo, recited another poem of Lorca, and told another, still cruder story about Gibraltar. "I must go to work," said the Falangista. I could see he was rather drunk, and he looked like all fairly successful men, the ones who dress well and cope with their superiors, who get drunk in Paris or London. He staggered out of the door and waved.

The next day I actually took the train to Valencia. Five minutes after we started, there was a terrible grinding noise and we waited for about an hour in a deluge of rain. Then we returned to Granada. The engine had broken down. The next train would be the day after tomorrow. I returned to the pension and sat down in the dining-room. At my table there was a pretty girl in a pink dress. "*Domani,*" she said, over the fish, "*voglio andare all'Alhambra. . . .*"

ANTHONY CARSON

The Arts and Entertainment

WATTEAU AND CHARDIN

THE Royal Academy Winter Exhibitions are infuriating achievements; achievements because they bring together and to light many most interesting and normally inaccessible works: infuriating because these works are piled before the public without any selection or explanation. The result then confuses, bores and also encourages the public to think of the art of the past as a kind of huge lucky-dip bran-tub. This year the 620 paintings and drawings of *European Masters of the Eighteenth Century* include the work of about 150 artists. I am not complaining of the omission such as David—that sort of complaint is a tired academic gambit, the Introduction states that the show is not meant to be comprehensive, and there are anyway enough masterpieces included to keep everybody excited. What I am complaining about is the complete lack of any general information in the catalogue and the utter chaos of the presentation of the works which have been collected.

Historical generalisations—and particularly Marxist ones—can dangerously over-simplify. Yet unless one takes into account the fact that the eighteenth century ended with the French Revolution, it is impossible to understand how Watteau was so incomparably greater than all his followers, why a still-life by Chardin makes one by Oudry seem as dead as the duck in it, or the true reason why Greuze was a sentimentalist and Hogarth, who was just as much a moralist, was not. In two columns without illustrations I cannot hope to redress this balance; I can only suggest a few tentative leads.

Sir Gerald Kelly admits that in 18th-century art "the contribution of France was paramount." In France the century saw the complete transformation of power from the aristocracy to the middle class. The struggle and contradictions behind this transformation were reflected in the art of the period—but reflected in a highly complicated way. By the beginning of the century, following the death of Louis XIV, the doctrine of absolute

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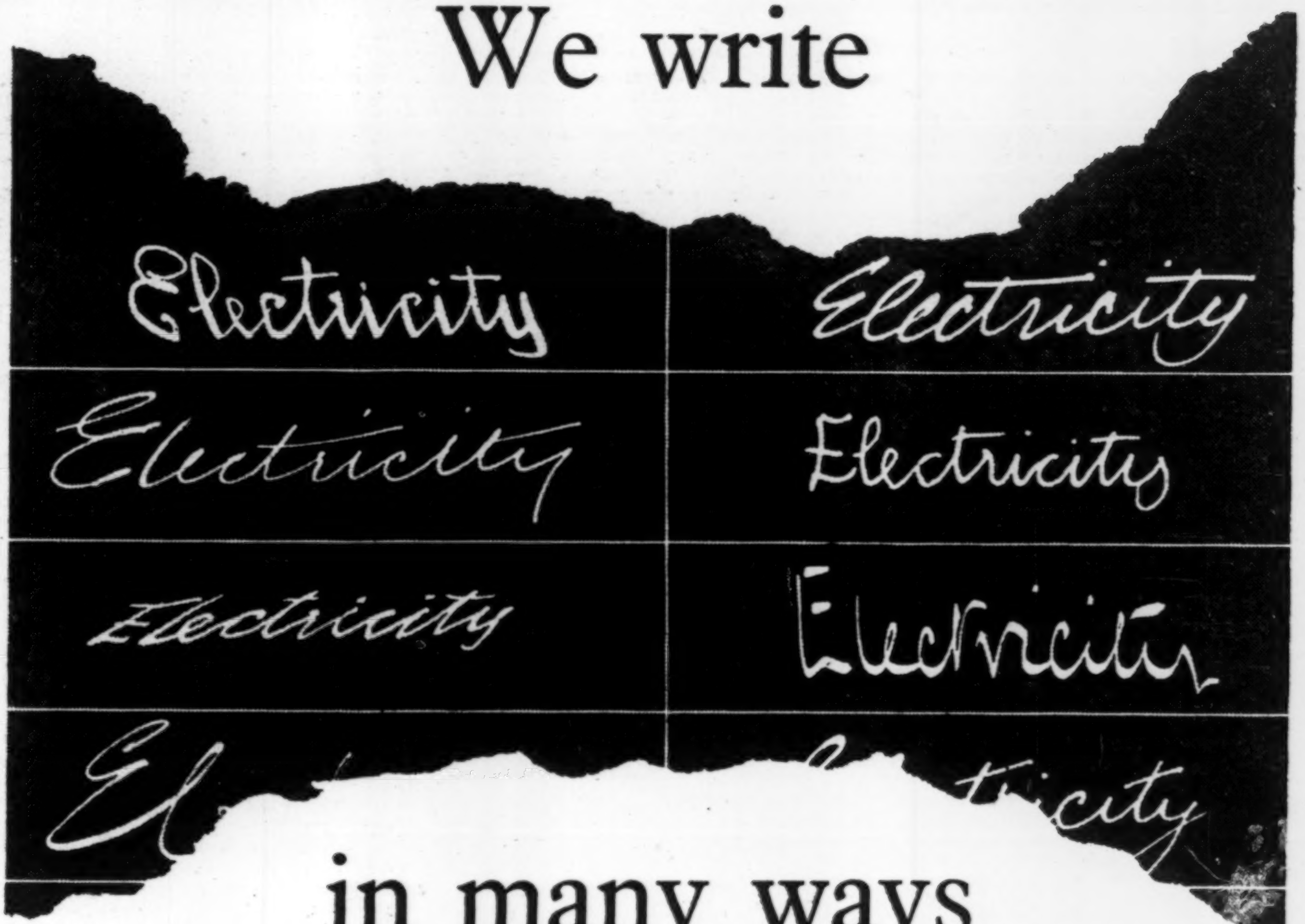

in many ways

but our spelling is invariable

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monarchism was dead and with it declined the solemn, monumental, impersonal classicism of Poussin, Le Brun, Racine. There followed the transitional rococo art of Watteau, Fragonard, Boucher, whose public was the aristocracy now freed—fatally—from royal obligations and restraint, and the affected *élite* of the rising middle class. It was a transitional art because it preserved much of the artificiality of the previous classicism but introduced more movement (Watteau was greatly influenced by Rubens) and substituted casual Dalliance and Elegance for imperial Power and Dignity. In reaction to the hedonism of this sort of art, but at the same time continuing its tendency towards movement, characterisation and informality, there also arose the purely middle-class art of such painters, as Chardin and Greuze: an art based on the virtues of domesticity, industry and personal responsibility. Finally under David there was the return to Classicism as the only sufficiently heroic style for the banner of the revolution itself. But this classicism was very different from that of the 17th century: it was far more concerned psychologically with the individual and contained much of the realistic observation of the preceding genre-painters.

Such is the bare outline of development. How did this affect Watteau and Chardin, who, with Goya, are the supreme masters of this exhibition? No historical analysis entirely explains genius; it can only help to explain the way genius develops. If one compares Watteau's *fêtes-galantes* with similar works by Pater, Fragonard or Robert, their greater depth of meaning and observation becomes immediately obvious. The hands of a figure in a Fragonard are merely elegant gestures terminating the movement of an arm; in a Watteau the hands of each figure, however small, have their own energy as they restlessly finger the strings of a guitar or bodice. Faces in the work of the other painters are automatic, like the made-up faces of a chorus; in a Watteau, however silken the dalliance and finery, beady eyes look out from faces expressing all the desperation of an unrealised boredom with pleasure—an echo almost of voices in Chekhov. Watteau's followers painted the stage of "manners" as seen from the auditorium; he himself painted the performance from the wings whence one can occasionally see a performer querying his role. In his fragment of a *Girl's Head* one is suddenly made to realise the disturbing (or encouraging) fact that no make-up can ever disguise the expression of the eyes. Or compare Watteau's nudes with those of Robert or Boucher. For Boucher nudity was a commercial aphrodisiac; for Watteau it was a moment—evanescent as everything else—of intimacy.

And so one comes to the now accepted view of Watteau's art. "The content of Watteau's work, if we may dare state it in a word, is mortality—that fatal sense of life's transience about which his every picture whispers but never speaks openly," as Mr. Gordon Washburn has put it. Watteau's own temperament and his suffering from tuberculosis obviously contributed to his vision. But what made his expression of such an attitude to life larger than his personal feelings and bigger than the subjects he represented, was that he expressed so surely the reality of his time. He revealed in feeling the true transitional nature of the style he worked in. He remained (and was born) outside the social order he painted but the ambivalence of the mood of his work was a perfect expression of the nature and destiny of that order. It was to be said later, "Under Louis XIV no one dared open his mouth, under Louis XV everyone whispered, now everyone speaks out loud and in a perfectly free-and-easy way." The whispering in Watteau's paintings (which both quotations refer to) is partly a nostalgia for a past order, partly a premonition of the instability of the present; partly an unknown hope for the future. The courtiers assemble for the embarkation for Cythère but the poignancy of the occasion is due to the implication that when they get there it will not be the legendary place they expect—the guillotines will be falling. The paradox is that whenever an artist achieves such a true expression of his time as Watteau did, he transcends it and comments on a permanent aspect of life itself: in Watteau's case on the brevity of it. The difference between Watteau and his followers (Fragonard's landscapes are in a separate category) is that they were unable to see beyond the consoling pretence of the charades they painted—and incidentally were therefore very much more popular with their public.

Chardin is more straightforward. He painted kitchens and still-lives but through the quality of his imaginative vision he embodied in these pictures all the intense personal domestic meaning that made up the force of the middle-class morality which was to create a revolution. And because by doing this he touched, like Watteau, the very heart of his time, he also expressed a permanent truth. He gave *familiar* domestic scenes all the meaning they normally acquire for *distant* travellers. Whereas Oudry, though equally middle class by birth, mistook the letter for the spirit, painted his furniture for what it would fetch, and so began to express the next illusion, the illusion of bourgeois property.

There are also many smaller things to notice in this exhibition: the Wrights of Derby heralding the Industrial Revolution: the marvellous Canaletto drawings, more satisfactory than his paintings because his mannered figures are less in evidence: the Richard Wilsons that have an atmospheric breadth not to be equalled except by Constable: the Alan Ramsay portraits—in my opinion, at least he was the equal of Reynolds: the early and late Gainsboroughs which, when compared, show how he might almost have been a Watteau, but instead succumbed to make-believe: a fine boy's head by Lépicié, a bit like a Chardin: the Goyas that jump a century.

John Berger

FUN AND GAMES

Miss Beatrice Lillie makes a triumphant reappearance in London with *An Evening with Beatrice Lillie,* at the Globe Theatre. We are told that she was at first chary of attempting this virtually solo performance in a post-war London that might have forgotten her and whose mood would be very different from the old one she used to enchant. If there was ever any danger of that, it would no doubt be because the kind of publicity which she has attracted might have placed her in the public mind (quite wrongly) as irredeemably attached to a vanished "smarty" world of the Twenties. But if that false impression of this most remarkable clown deters anyone from scraping together enough shillings to buy themselves a stall—a stall I judge is essential—they will deprive themselves of one of the richest evenings the present theatre offers.

There is, in fact, nothing esoteric about Beatrice Lillie's act. It is in the high tradition of old-fashioned clowning. She fools her way through a series of situations, developing a succession of inspired improvisations with a deceptive air of spontaneity. She may or may not be talking non-stop all through, often to herself (in one of the best of her sketches, her Japanese scene, she mutters *sotto voce* in a thick, lisped gabble, but only one word throughout is distinguishable, when cross-legged at her table with a cup to her lips, she lets the syllables "Mazawatee" join themselves into a word). But her humour is not verbal, it is all of action. A maid stoops to try on her mistress's fur coat and is bowed beneath the weight of mink or, more simply in the tradition, later in the same sketch her foot is caught round the leg of chair and makes ludicrous her attempts at the genteel. As with all clowns, the purely ludicrous is all, there is no comment, no backwash. But the timing is so perfect, the invention so unceasing, that we ache with laughter at the sheer absurdity. It is almost impossible to analyse. Half the fun is as simple as that foot caught round that chair-leg; half comes from the expressive play of expression over that absurd face. For she is continually interrupting herself to answer back an unseen critic of her behaviour. Perhaps it is a limitation that her effects are less broad than those of some of the greatest clowns; you must be able to see the movement of not merely the eyebrows, but the eyelashes. But she works in the same tradition, and produces the same result, hopeless, paralysed, throat-aching laughter, until you wish she would let-up for a moment, let-up but never stop.

Another highly entertaining evening is given by *Simon and Laura* at the Strand. Or, to be quite precise, a highly entertaining three-quarters of an evening, for there is a bad sag in the last act of this pleasing piece of frivolity, a sag which ought to have been taken out in production, but could easily be taken up still. Mr. Alan Melville, the author, has had the happy idea of anticipating Television's introduction of the Mrs. Dale series. Simon and Laura are to be the ideal married couple televised daily in their own drawing-room, and that scene of many ding-dong battles between a theatrical husband-and-wife team on the way out is cluttered every day with cameras and lights so as to become for twenty minutes each evening, at least, a radiation centre of soap-opera sweetness and light. Perhaps it is a pity that Mr. Melville didn't stick a little more closely to this theme, for the bones of his underplot of marital misunderstandings are old and dry, while the flesh of the television series is fresh and blooming. Miss Coral Browne and Mr. Roland Culver make a fine battling pair locked in the love-struggle, and blessed by Mr. Ernest Thesiger's bumbling butler. These are, of course, stage figures in both senses—or would be if the actors didn't plump them out with good rich comic invention. But a welcome new comedy figure comes in with Mr. Ian Carmichael's TV producer. He gets to a fine nicety the enthusiastic amateurishness of his tribe, coming out all the clearer for its contrast with the two battered "old pros." More might have been made of this. Still, as it is, good traditional English light comedy excellently put over for the most part, a suitable Christmas offering for foot-weary shoppers.

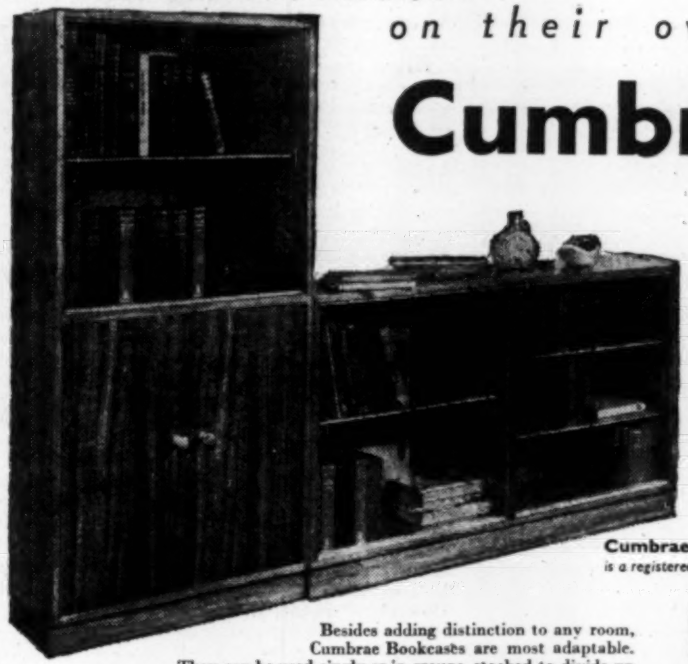
T. C. Worsley

LOOK AND LISTEN

When you find yourself coming out with sentences that begin, "I remember, twenty-five years ago," middle-age has really got you. It is, as we all know, a very dangerous age, and in this respect it is like every other. But one of the new elements of danger that help to define it is that of nostalgia, and I must admit that my first reaction to *The Projection of Britain,* the Television Service's account of the growth of the British documentary film, was nostalgic: all one's youth in the flea-pits in which provincial film societies met was there. Well, nostalgia is a notorious corrupter of judgment. Nevertheless, *The Projection of Britain* seemed to me a remarkably good programme, and one very much germane to British television today, if only because it is in television that we have the true heir of the documentary tradition.

In a sense, this programme, with its reminiscences by Sir Stephen Tallents, Sir Arthur Elton and Mr. John Grierson, the onlie begetter, and its excerpts from, among others, *Drifters, The Song of Ceylon, Night Mail* and *North Sea,* constituted a formidable criticism of television documentary as we have come to know it. But perhaps that is to state it too crudely; perhaps it would be fairer to say it constituted a formidable criticism of television itself as compared to film. For the one quality these excerpts had in common, one very rarely found on the TV screen, was the quality of visual excitement.

Now, so long as the makers of television documentary rely on film shot more or less off the cuff mingled with reconstructions televised in the studio, we cannot, I think, expect this quality of visual excitement. This is a criticism not of the makers of documentaries but of television itself. All the same, visual excitement is what we are always asking for; these films by Grierson and Basil Wright, Cavalcanti and Harry Watt, have in fact become the standards by which we judge television; and probably the only way in which the



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standard can ever be reached on the television screen is by using it simply as a means of showing film, as an alternative to the screen in the cinema itself.

But there was something else about these films which I confess surprised me, something I believe the television producers could learn from. The use made of sound was much more daring and stimulating than anything we are accustomed to today. These films were made, of course, when sound itself was still a novelty in the cinema, and there was the feeling all the time that the film-makers were excited by it as by a new challenge which had to be met with boldness. Sound was not then, as so often it is now, merely something equivalent to a caption beneath a still photograph: it was used to put the visual image itself in an extra dimension. In *The Song of Ceylon*, for example, we had Ceylon itself beautifully on the screen in its daily work; the function of the sound-track was to insinuate this local scene into the whole web of modern communications and commerce. A counterpoint had been set up. Similarly in *Night Mail*, after the wholly natural dialogue of the sorters in the travelling post office, there was, in addition to Britten's music, Auden's poetry to supply the human connotations to what we were seeing.

So that sound as well as the visual image came over with a fullness, an excitement, we no longer commonly experience, and here surely television could take a leaf out of the documentary film's book. Watching this programme, I had the strongest feeling that if Dylan Thomas had lived, his future as a poet for broadcasting might have lain not so much in sound radio as in television. The poet as such scarcely exists in television to-day: these documentary films of twenty years ago show that there is not the least reason why he should not.

But before he does, television documentary must change; it must return, I suspect, to its origins in film. It has, I can't help feeling, become too much infected with fiction, in a most damaging way. There was, for instance, Miss Caryl Doncaster's *The New Canadians* a few weeks ago. A fine subject certainly and yet largely thrown away because Miss Doncaster interpreted the subject in terms of a group of fictitious characters that had, first of all, to be established, to be given problems causing them to emigrate. This meant that the emphasis was thrown from the beginning not on Canada and Canadians but on the characters; and frankly the characters were presented with a banality that set them in a class altogether too reminiscent of those in *Mrs. Dale's Diary* and *The Grove Family*. To have been successful in the way Miss Doncaster devised it, *The New Canadians* would have had to be written by an accomplished novelist or dramatist. It would not then have been documentary, but at least it would have been something, whereas the programme as we saw it was uneasily neither one thing nor the other.

The besetting sin of television documentary, and also of the plays written specifically for it, is a dingy naturalism. Admittedly, this does not prevent their being frequently worthy enough: a strong journalistic content will often carry them and lend them interest enough for the moment of watching. One doesn't want to complain, and to see serious themes seriously treated is much. All the same, the films we saw in *The Projection of Britain* endure not primarily because of their subjects but because their subjects were in some way transcended. Art intervened. New things were made familiar, and familiar things were made new. Johnson's words on the powers of Pope in *The Rape of the Lock* describe what we find in the best of the early British documentary films: they describe, too, what we look for in television documentary. Its makers should find in the work of their predecessors in film both a stimulus and a challenge.

WILLIAM SALTER

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THE MOVIES

"The Great Adventure" and "Robinson Crusoe," at the Academy

"Magoo-U.P.A. season," at the Cameo

If the double bill at the Academy doesn't sail through Christmas, then the public—even the little public—is not to be drawn. It *sounds* Christmasy enough. Robinson may not here be the strapping young songstress expected about this time of year, but perhaps the re-discovery of Defoe's mariner will offer a compensating thrill. This splendid film of Bunuel has been the surprise of the year; how, by a fairly strict adherence to the original, it manages to achieve splendour can only be briefly indicated to anyone who has not seen it by affirming that Bunuel has the gift of narrative which big screens, barefoot Contessas, and the like have never heard of. It is odd that this classic of a classic, which started in London as a second feature on the circuits, should on its emergence in the West End still come second.

Not that *The Great Adventure*—new to us all—is in any way unmeritorious to follow. Arne Sucksdorff is one of whom we have heard much but seen little. The few small pieces I had come across, including that seaside study of a year or so ago, had not at all prepared me for the delicate assurance of a film worthy to put beside *Louisiana Story*. Here, too, are a child and a strange pet (in this case an otter), forest and water, the terror and charm of Nature for the human young who have not yet grown away from it. But there the resemblance ends. Sucksdorff goes back into his childhood, and brings to this adventure a vision that grapples to itself season and place and finds enchantment in disenchantment. The Eden in which we make our first discoveries is never ours; it has its own laws, with death as the condition of living; it throws us out because we play by quite other hopes and whims. The small boys (there's a little one, tagging on) may rescue an otter from being destroyed as it would destroy others; for a whole winter it gobbles fish from the market and goes with them on secret ski-ings; but when spring comes, melting the ice, it's off into the water, with not another thought for its temporary playmates.

That is the main "story" of *The Great Adventure*, but there are other stories interwoven: the fox-cub family and the death of the vixen that has become a terror to hen-roosts; the lynx that is king of this particular terrain, but must follow in due course a migratory instinct; the terrifying mating of capercailzies, the owl frozen on a tree-stump as it watches a plane sky-writing, the nervous deer clawed at last, and the gun that so dramatically but superficially intrudes. Where Sucksdorff succeeds so astonishingly is in suggesting Nature as a whole while bringing before our eyes with exquisite examples a small fragment: the Swedish countryside in which he grew up. The beauty of many sequences—of dawn, spring, the vixen's death-run, the silhouettes on the road—must be seen to be believed; and no other film-maker has better caught and characterised animals. His own son plays, no less delightedly than an otter, the smaller of the two boys; and he himself is the father, while the commentary of his thoughts goes back. So a year, re-lived, passes, without one trite moment.

The Magoo-U.P.A. season at the Cameo runs two weeks (Nov. 29 to Dec. 12), with change of programme on Thursdays and Mondays. Twenty-eight cartoons will be shown—the entire output of this group to date—and one new cartoon will lead off each programme. New to me in the first batch were *Magoo Goes Ski-ing* and *Ragtime Bear*; both pretty good, though one may tire of Magoo as of Maigret or Mr. Herbert Morrison. However, he eases the cartoonists to their more ambitious flights. I had not seen before *The Tell-tale Heart*, which earns an X certificate by distilling Poe into a six-minute *Caligari*. I'm not sure that it wholly succeeds, but it exacts a deathly hush from the Magoo hounds. For chill and sprightliness—more suited, I feel, to the very brief form—give me *Rooty Toot Toot*, the realisation of Frankie and Johnny; coming on it again, I can discover no fault.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Winston Spencer Churchill," at The Times Book Club

Then-I-say-boys,
Who's for a jolly spree?
Rum-tum-tiddley-um
Who'll have a drink with me?

Fond of a glass now and then
Fond of a row and noise;
Hi! hi! clear the way
For the Rowdy-Dowdy Boys!

This clinking chorus is Sir Winston's only published excursion into song-writing. It occurs in a three-page short story entitled *Man Overboard* which the young Hussars subaltern wrote in the *Harmsworth Magazine* for 1899. "The man knew the song," commented its author. "It had been the rage of all the music-halls, when he had started for India seven years before." This is just one of the minor but absorbing Churchilliana included in the exhibition of Sir Winston's books and manuscripts, on view today in Wigmore Street. Here we can examine the title-deeds of fame at first hand. They range from drafts of *The World Crisis* to an obscure article headed "Officers and Gentlemen" published in 1900. In it the young 26-year-old M.P. for Oldham told the Americans how the British Army should be run. The secret was manœuvres, more manœuvres, bigger manœuvres, all over the country, "private property notwithstanding." ("Tact and forethought will reduce the damage to the owner.") "All the knowledge gained," the writer went on, "must be used remorselessly to control the progress of mediocre men up the army ladder." It reads like one of the great wartime directives. Only two criticisms can be levelled at this exhibition. Firstly, it is too monumental, too much of a *Times* obituary. Only a sheet of the *British Gazette* suggests the *Sturm und Drang* of Sir Winston's career. All the books by his admirers are on view; could we not also have had some of his famous critics? One looks vainly for Keynes's *The Economic Consequences of Mr. Churchill*, for Wells's strictures, for E. M. Forster's deadly little dialogue on Chanak. Also, the exhibition should have been kept open for far longer than a week. J. N. B. R.

T.U.C. Sculpture Competition Entries, at the Granada Cinema, Clapham Junction

That this is a rather disappointing exhibition should not blind one to two encouraging facts: the T.U.C's. decision to commission some sculpture, and the Granada Cinema's initiative in showing a selection of the competition entries to the public whom the works are meant to represent. The best models are by Freda Brilliant and F. J. Kormis. Miss Brilliant's war memorial representing a soldier carrying a wounded comrade on a plinth supported by workers, is literal but powerful; its weakness lies in the relationship of scale between the large figures above and the smaller ones beneath. Kormis's war memorial of a bereaved woman and his group symbolising the trade union spirit are deeply felt even if they are not sufficiently heroic. But why was the competition as a whole such a failure? Partly, I think, because the terms of reference were too vague, and partly because so many artists boycotted it. Yet is there also a further explanation? Is it that the T.U.C., taken as a whole, does not stand for anything positive enough? Is it that one can't make a monumental figure symbolising Wage Restraint? Low's cart-horse was obviously inappropriate—but was it all too accurate? These are not spiteful questions—they are, after all, what is being argued about in a different context throughout the whole of the Labour movement. I hope that the T.U.C., despite this setback, will still commission some work. And if they do, I most earnestly suggest that they look again at the work of Peter Peri—not represented in this show but already awarded two prizes. His work has faults, and the designs he submitted may need adapting, but I know of no other sculptor in the country who could do greater justice to the theme. J. B.

Correspondence

LABOUR AND TV

Sir,—The Labour Party, as you have so rightly pointed out, needs to bring itself up to date in its approach to the vitally important field of television, whether commercial or B.B.C. controlled. Herbert Morrison and his political associates may not be happy with the thought; yet television, as a medium not merely of expression and entertainment but also as a tribune from which public opinion can and will be moulded, has come to stay. The decision of the I.T.A. to allow two gigantic newspaper empires to extend further their powers into the realm of commercial television was a mistake which should be remedied. But to attack television because it has got off to a bad start is to miss the wood for the trees. Millions of people all over the country have found a new happiness in watching the world go by as they sit night after night in their own small parlours. What matters to these millions, and ought to matter above all else to the leaders of any political party, is that a vast new world has been opened. Life has suddenly broadened and been made easier.

In the same way as newspapers automatically colour the news to fit their opinions so, as the commercial operators begin to feel at home with their weapon, their political intentions will make themselves felt on the small silver screens. None of us can feel happy at the prospect. But it is quite certain to happen. And if Labour is to have its share of these new fruits it must accept these facts. It must learn to use the new outlet of expression to help people reach political decisions. At the moment neither of the two main parties has learned to handle the strange medium which can make old men look like transparent skeletons and make young men appear aged and worn. Eden in his recent appearance in the Press Conference programme probably reached a new high in an attempt to find the correct technique. Politically he said little, but socially he made an

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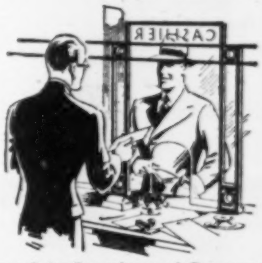

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impact on his viewers which opened the gate to what must surely be the real method of achieving effectiveness. It can probably be summed up in a single word, friendliness. Until now the attempt to command attention has been twofold. Either the speakers, representing several shades of opinion, have indulged in a rough and tumble knockabout turn, or there have been the stage-managed performances like the Tory Party conference or the Attlee tea party. Neither influenced their audiences either directly or indirectly, and few (if any) can have been persuaded to think again on any of the topics discussed.

What is needed, then, is something completely different. Political television stars must forget all the training and experience they have learned for getting themselves across to audiences in public halls; or most of it, at any rate. The hundreds who used to flock to schools and village meeting places all over the country to hear the greater and lesser lights of political parties were ready for a lively slanging match, for a verbal firework display. The halls were cold and damp. The audience needed these pyrotechnics to warm them and keep them interested.

It won't do for television. This new and much vaster audience doesn't go out any more to the draughty assembly rooms to listen to its politicians. Why should they? They can have all the entertainment and (we hope) education they want without moving from their very comfortable chairs in their own front rooms. If the politicals want to talk to them they are ready to listen, but the terms will be different. The new effective technique will not be the harangue, but sweet reasonableness. There is not now an audience to arouse to tumultuous bursts of applause when the opposition is made to look ridiculous. When that method is used on television, Ma simply looks at Dad and they both become more than ever convinced that every politician is unreliable and interested only in himself. Speakers must first realise that the audience they are addressing is not the thirteen million, but a small family gathering. Television talks, to be effective, must be on a man to man basis. Labour should begin to train its speakers in the new technique of the television fireside chat which Roosevelt exploited to such magnificent effect both before and during the war to his radio listeners in America.

Moss Murray

2 Ormonde Terrace,
Regent's Park, N.W.8.

LEARNING BY POST

Sir,—Mr. Hardman's article on the correspondence colleges is more interesting for the assumptions it reveals than for the facts which it cites. These are mostly so vague as to be meaningless, or inaccurate.

No one will deny the superiority of direct over indirect tuition—where the former is good; but the present educational system is inadequate to ensure a literate population, let alone a working-class which is technically mobile in the scientific machine-age. It is to provide such needs that the correspondence colleges have developed and flourished.

First, it should be realized that there is no short-cut to knowledge. What is this terrifying prospect of 500 hours "spread over one or two years" which faces the student? Over two years it means an average study period of five hours a week; over one year, ten hours a week—or three evenings.

Secondly, the advertising morals of the correspondence colleges are called into question. Here it should be remarked that the colleges prepare students for examinations and they are normally successful in this respect; in many professions, examinations rather than educational standards are the prior conditions of advancement. The fault lies in the examination system.

Thirdly, the statement that postal tuition is expensive is sheer nonsense. One college—which is part of the organisation with a share capital of £350,000—provides tuition from zero to Part I B.Sc.(Econ.) at a cost to the student of £10 less than the cost (of tuition plus travelling expenses plus the same text-books) to the student who attends L.C.C. evening classes for three years. The L.C.C. student would incur a minimum of £40 expenditure over three years, hence the postal student will save at least 25 per cent. of the cost. This does not mention the saving to the ratepayer.

The wastage of postal students is high, and it is this—rather than the underpayment of tutors—which enables the colleges to provide courses at a cost which would not be economic if they were fully utilised.

If Mr. Hardman wishes to slang the postal colleges, he should make some lengthier investigations than those carried out to date. But before the limelight is turned on to the colleges, it would be interesting to inquire how many full-time University students avail themselves of the supplementary tuition that the private sector now provides.

Martin Furness

Sir,—I read with great interest Mr. Hardman's somewhat condescending article on "Learning by Post." Of course, the institutes providing this tuition form an "educational industry" and an Oxbridge man would regard the whole thing as *infra dig*—"a travesty of the real thing." But I don't think Mr. Hardman has been quite fair. For one thing, he seems to ignore the possibly not quite so unique case of the student who is physically so handicapped that a formal higher education is impracticable for him. I myself suffer from such a disability and took advantage of the University of London's external students' examinations, which are exactly the same as those for internal candidates. (Incidentally, the University itself conducts correspondence courses!) I studied with the two most important of the Colleges and am still grateful for their help. Quite apart from this physical factor, however, it would be quite feasible to imagine a student's receptability being better stimulated by the written than by the spoken word. The two institutes which "coached" me put every importance on wide reading. They were "guides" in the sense of a tutor's function.

Finally, why should printed model answers put students off the course? These answers are sent only after the student has sent in his own answers, so that, apart from the tutor's generally very helpful corrections and hints, he can see what an answer should look like.

Postal Graduate

LLOYD GEORGE

Sir,—Surely Kingsley Martin is subscribing to a legend when he says that it was distrust personally of Lloyd George that kept him out of office from 1923 onward? There was no Government that he could have joined, unless we can visualise him becoming a "National Liberal" and serving under Macdonald in 1931! He *was* invited to join the first genuinely all-party coalition formed at the outbreak of war and he refused. What Kingsley Martin says of Ll. G. would be truer of Churchill, who was kept out of successive administrations formed by his own party, which distrusted and feared him.

The memorandum of the talk Mr. Martin had with Ll. G. in the early days of the war could (perhaps because it is incomplete) give a wrong impression of his views. I spent some time with him at Churt at what must have been about the same time. He spoke to me in similar terms, but made it quite plain that he believed that Chamberlain had criminally thrown away the condition of victory, namely, the alliance with Russia. Fortunately, we did not have to find out if he was right or wrong: Hitler corrected Chamberlain's omission and changed the situation. Certainly, Ll. G.'s brief sympathies for the Nazis had nothing to do with his attitude. He had already shed them. In fact, he had a far better record in this respect than many of those who sneeringly taunted him with his one regrettable lapse. In his seventieth year he stumped the country to campaign for our intervention against Mussolini's aggression in Ethiopia. He thundered valiantly, if impotently, against our tolerance of German and Italian aggression in Spain. And there was nothing pacifist in the memorable speech he delivered in the House of Commons in May, 1940, after the German invasion of Norway: "The nation is prepared for sacrifice so long as it has leadership. I say now, solemnly, that the Prime Minister (Chamberlain) can give an example of sacrifice, because there is nothing that would contribute more to victory in this war than that he should sacrifice the Seals of Office."

I don't know how much truth there is in the story that Churchill accused him of trying "to do a Pétain" on us. Churchill seems rather obsessed by this term of reproach, for he is also said to have warned Mendés-France "not to become Malenkov's Pétain"!

David Raymond

11 Hopton Road, S.W.16.

[There is no ambiguity about the Pétain story; the authority is *Hansard.* Mr. Frank Owen writes (p 753) "On 7 May, 1941, he expressed his real thoughts in the House of Commons, where his diatribe against the set-up of the Higher War authority in Britain drew from Churchill the sharp retort: 'It was the sort of speech with which, I imagine, the illustrious and venerable Marshal Pétain might well have enlivened the closing days of M. Reynaud's Cabinet.'" —Ed., *N.S. & N.*]

MARXISM

Sir,—In his review of my *Marxism Past and Present,* which appeared in your issue of November 27, Mr. A. J. P. Taylor is not altogether fair in saying that my argument "assumes that the present social order is working satisfactorily, and then asks, why change it?" It made no such assumption. What I did point out was that those who objected to the capitalist system came to adopt one of two alternative positions. Marx and his closest followers argued that it could not be reformed, that it must, therefore, be utterly destroyed, and that the revolutionary energies of the proletariat should be harnessed to that end. On the other hand, there were those "reformist" Social-Democrats who at least acted on the assumption that it was neither necessary nor desirable to destroy it by smashing the bourgeois state and setting up proletarian dictatorships, and that they would be performing a more useful function if they sought to improve the conditions of the workers, *albeit* within the framework of an order which Marx had condemned. It was this divergence that led to the controversy with which Bernstein is associated. The Bolshevik Revolution, and the establishment of the Comintern after the First World War, accentuated it, and it still exists.

I agree with Mr. Taylor that it is regrettable that more space could not have been devoted to post-Stalinist ideology. But this was a matter on which I felt bound to exercise reserve in the absence of firm evidence upon which to form a judgment. Since my book was completed, there has appeared, however, in the Soviet Union, the long-awaited textbook on Political Economy, which covers pretty well the whole field of Marxist-Leninist theory, and shows that its basic principles remain unchanged, and thus its analysis of the contemporary situation. The most, therefore, that we can hope for is that the principles may come to be interpreted with a greater flexibility.

The Athenæum Club, R. N. Carew Hunt
Pall Mall, S.W.1.

GREEK SPELLING

Sir,—Should not a reviewer cite examples when venturing such a criticism as Miss Mary Scrutton's on John Cowper Powys's *Atlantis*—"that if you are going to be archaic and meticulous you might as well spell the Greek names right?" No doubt Miss Scrutton has special qualifications unknown to me for setting up as an authority on the orthography of Greek names, but as I happen to know that Mr. Powys's favourite reading in recent years has been Homer and Aristophanes in the Loeb editions, I am unprepared to question his judgment in spelling Greek names without concrete citations of error. Does Miss Scrutton prefer Heracles to Herakles, Cadmus to Kadmos, Hephæstus to Hephaistos? If so, this is surely a matter of personal preference in anglicising Greek names, and does not warrant Miss Scrutton's assumption that she knows Mr. Powys's business better than he does.

Malcolm Elwin

MORALS AND IMMORALISTS

Sir,—May I briefly assure Mr. Benn Levy that I was not timidly arguing the case for suppression, but merely pointing out the facts as they exist. The author, of course, may be as brave as a lion, and snap his fingers at the boos and brickbats, but it is unrealistic to expect the manager with £5,000 at stake to be equally heroic. To offer *A Street-Car Named Desire* as an instance of managerial intrepidity is irrelevant—the play was not about homosexuality. Nymphomania, adultery and madness are not subjects which provoke public hysteria; homosexuality is, and there is the difference.

We may deplore, as I do, the climate of opinion which makes this subject such explosive material to handle, but it is no use pretending that the climate does not exist.

N. C. Hunter

Towyn, Merioneth.

DYLAN THOMAS

Sir,—Mr. Allen and your correspondents differ about T. F. Powys, and the debt Dylan Thomas owed to him; but they differ little about Thomas himself. Ever since the Canonisation the reading public has been persuaded into an exaggerated assessment of his work, and particularly of *Under Milk Wood.* There is little chance of any different judgment being heeded very much, but at least one can be offered.

Mr. Roberts finds in Thomas an elfin quality that redeems his strictures upon human beings from any taint of malice. I hope I am not alone in finding them about as elfin as a sledgehammer. Mr. Ackroyd points out that Thomas wrote "for the love of man and in praise of God," and these words, of course, are Thomas's own; but in *Under Milk Wood* the evidence for their truth seems well hidden, and superficially, at least, there seems more contempt than love there. Mr. Allen sees affinities with Thomas Nashe. This may be so; but how you take it depends on what you think of Nashe. Crude vigour and rhetoric do not make great literature by themselves.

Like Nashe, Thomas had the gift of rhetoric; but when his gift is examined in action, it is seen to go with a diagnosis of humanity that is oppressively barbaric. In *Under Milk Wood,* the characters seem mostly to be occupied in sentimental reflections upon past sexual encounters (Captain Cat and Polly), anticipations of future encounters (Mae Rose Cottage, Sinbad, etc.), or various distortions and inhibitions of their sexuality. There is also an ugly vein of simple cruelty running through the piece. In the whole of it, there is hardly any indication that human life can be conducted at anything above this visceral level. Though this could be the material for savage satire or great comedy, it is, in fact, treated with a jocularity that is unsubtle and unpleasant. (One finds it hard to forgive the sniggering association Thomas imposes upon Shakespeare's refrain "hey ding a ding a ding," on page 56, for instance.)

There are undoubted merits in some of Thomas's early verse, though it is hard to see that they have more than minor importance. About this last play of his, the enormous reputation it has gained and given him is something of a mystery. Perhaps the power of broadcasting offers part of the answer.

4 Empress Drive, Crewe. John Levitt

VYSHINSKY

Sir,—Critic writes that in the purge of the Thirties the late Mr. Vyshinsky "was only acting as legal advocates are supposed to do in every country in the world." As recently as 1952, in denying to the prosecution any right to influence the sentence of a Court, the General Council of the Bar of England laid it down that

> Counsel for the prosecution should state all the relevant facts of the case dispassionately. . . . It is a common and proper practice, especially in the case of an unrepresented offender, for prosecuting Counsel to draw the attention of the Court to any mitigating circumstances as to which he is instructed.

The matter is of importance because few things would do more to moderate existing hostility in the "West" towards the "East," in addition to the granting of freedom for political expression, than a manifest change to procedural and judicial tolerance and impartiality in Communist countries. The attitude of Coke towards Raleigh has long been abandoned amongst us with disgust.

W. Harvey Moore

Temple, E.C.4.

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WINGATE

Christmas Books—II

KYNGE ARTHUR IS NAT DEDE

SOMETHING can be done with Agamemnon and Menelaus as historical characters. I find no insuperable objections to the belief that they led a mixed armada of Greek-speaking warriors against Troy towards the close of the second millennium, B.C. Certainly, Homer's account of these events is not always satisfactory, if only because he flourished after the Dorian Confederacy had laid Mycenæ and Sparta in ruins. Something also can be done with Roland and Oliver as historical characters, despite the obvious inflation of the Roncevalles story: their liege lord Charlemagne is a dateable king, and the story of a rear-guard action fought by raiders against the Moors who threatened his Pyrenean frontier has plausibility. The German Dietrich saga may read crazily, but its central character, the Emperor Theodoric, did exist, and certain faint historical outlines can be recognised in the saga, which at least seems all of a piece. But what can be done with King Arthur?

Though Arthur is described as King of the Britons, leader of a group of knights fighting in fifteenth-century armour and sworn to the eleventh-century Provençal code of chivalry, he can be identified with no post-Conquest English sovereign. Among his enemies are the kings of Ireland, Denmark, Orkney and Brittany, and an Emperor of Rome named Lucius, whose territories correspond with the Roman Empire at its maximum second-century extension. Yet Arthur's chief strongholds are Camelot (Winchester) and Caerleon-upon-Usk, Roman camps abandoned when the legions were withdrawn from Britain; and he checks the advance of certain pagan Saxons whom wicked King Vortigern has invited to Britain. In his youth, after possessing himself of the ritual token of royalty, a sword, in the precise manner of King Theseus of Athens, he is acclaimed the lost heir of Uther Pendragon, Ruler of Britain; and presently takes part in the Battle of Badon Hill, which is agreed to have been fought about 520 A.D. He inherits Uther's prerogative (as Count of the Roman Empire) of flying a Red Dragon standard in battle. This standard, which has since become the *Dra Goch* of Wales, oddly connects King Arthur with the Far East. The Chinese dragon, with its pocket-like body of vermilion silk and its gaping jaws, was borrowed by the Byzantines from their Hunnish archer allies to serve a dual purpose: as a rallying point, and as a wind-indicator like the pocket-flags one sees on airfields. A glance at the standard on a gusty day told the archers how much to allow for deflection. The device must have reached Britain before the Romans left.

Arthur then fights the mythical Giant of St. Michael's Mount, the Great Cat of Losane and the terrific Twrch Trwth (in Latin, the *Porcus Troit*) and sails in his magic ship Prydwen to harry a pagan Hell from which, in pure Bronze Age style, he carries off an enchanted cauldron. He is buried in the Isle of Avalon (or Glastonbury), where the monks later disinter his gigantic bones from an oak-coffin burial which dates him about 1500 B.C. Yet the inscription on the coffin, in monkish Latin, states that "Arthur, King of the Britons, and his wife Guinevere lie here." Giraldus Cambrensis saw this coffin and so did Edward I. Yet an ancient Welsh Triad insists that Arthur's grave will never be found; and this corresponds with a legend current in various parts of South Wales that he lies asleep in a cave with a golden crown on his head, whence he will emerge only to rescue his "honey isle" from foreign oppression. Similarly, the Scottish King Arthur occupies a hidden cave in the Eildon Hills, whence he will emerge only when someone finds and blows the trumpet he lost in his last battle thereabout. And as a child I was taken to the top of a hill near Snowdon and told that this was where the usurping Modred dealt King Arthur his mortal wound, and that when seven church steeples could be seen from the hill, and when a pair of twins, a boy and a girl, went looking for lost lambs on a Sunday afternoon, they would find Arthur's dinted crown under a bush of heather.

In the Middle Ages Arthur was the object of deep and sincere belief. Caxton writes in his preface to Malory's *Morte D'Arthur*:

> In hym that shold say or thynke that there was never suche a kyng callyd Arthur, myght wel be aretted grete folye and blyndenesse, for there be many evydences of the contrarye. Fyrst, ye may see his sepulture in the monasterye of Glastyngburye; and also in *Polycronycon*, in the fifth book, the syxte chappytre, and in the seventh book, the twenty-thyrd chappytre, where his body was buryed, and after founden and translated into the said monasterye. Ye shal se also in the ystory of Bochas, in his book DE CASU PRINCIPIUM, parte of his noble actes, and also of his falle. Also Galfrydus, in his Brutysshe book, recounteth his lyf. And in dyvers places of Englond many remembraunces ben yet of hym and shall remayne perpetuelly, and also of his knyghtes: fyrst, in the abbey of Westmestre, at Saynt Edwardes shryne, remayneth the prynte of his seal in reed waxe, closed in beryll, in which is wryton PATRICIUS ARTHURUS BRITANNIE GALLIE GERMANIE DACIE IMPERATOR; item, in the castel of Dover ye may see Gauwayns skulle and Cradoks mantel; at Wynchester, the Rounde Table; in other places Launcelottes swerde and many other thynges.

The best, in fact, that we can do with King Arthur is to accept him as a national obsession, and his paradoxes as peculiarly insular. He was anointed King by an archbishop and wore a cross on his shield; yet his sponsor was Merlin the Enchanter, begotten on a nun by the Devil himself, and according to the Taliesin poems "erudite druids prophesied for Arthur." And though he permitted a few knights of the Round Table—those with beautiful Germanic souls and a pleasure in living virginally on bread and water—to ride off in quest of the Holy Grail, he himself never joined them. Living heartily in feasting, hunting, bold bawdry and open manslaughter, he attended church parade, like an Edwardian cavalry colonel, largely to set his captains and other ranks a good example. Then why this assemblage of authenticated religious relics, as though Arthur had been Christ; and Launcelot, Peter; and Gawain, John the Evangelist?

The truth is this: Arthur had long been converted into a counter-Christ, with twelve knights of the Round Table to suggest the twelve Apostles, and with a Second Coming. For though the seigneurial class consented to fight for the Cross as an emblem of Western civilisation, the ascetic morality preached by Jesus did not appeal to them in the least. Jesus's grave warning that he who lives by the sword shall perish by the sword was read as a joyful reassurance to the true knight that, if he always observed the code of chivalry, he would die gloriously in battle, and be translated to a Celtic Paradise in the twinkling of an eye. Moreover, the Western conception of personal honour could not be reconciled with humility, turning the other cheek, and leaving God to avenge injuries. The concept of Knight-errantry would have made no sense in Israel. I can recall no distressed damsels in the entire Bible, the heroes all being national deliverers, not individual adventurers. When an ancient Israelite fought in God's name, he fought ruthlessly: thrusting women through the belly with his javelin, dashing the little ones against the stones, and smiting the infirm or aged with the edge of the sword—churlish behaviour for which an Arthurian knight would have had his spurs lopped off by the common hangman. And the Israelite was realistic about yielding to superior force and allowing himself to be led away captive; not so the true knight. Sir Accolon would have killed Arthur with

> many grete strokes and for the moste party every stroke Accolon gaff wounded him full sore. And always King Arther loste so much blood that hit was marvayle he stode upon his feete, but he was so full of knighthode that he endured the payne. And his swerde braste at the cross and felle on the grasse among the blood, and when he saw that, he was in grete feare to dye.

However, he would not yield,

> for I promised by the feythe of my body to do this batayle to the uttermost whyle my lyff lastith, and therefore I had liver to dye with honour than to lye with shame.

So Arthur fought on with shield and sword pummel until the Damsel of the Lake disarmed Sir Accolon by magic. Arthur then won the advantage but generously spared Sir Accolon's life.

Launcelot's love for Guinevere is altogether un-Christian. He loved her truly and was found "togyders abed with her in her chamber." Later he rescued Guinevere from the fire to which she had been condemned by Arthur "and kept her as a good knight should."

The Works of Sir Thomas Malory. Edited by EUGÈNE VINAVER. *Oxford.* 21*s.*

After Arthur's death he repented as a matter of form, "endured grete penannce syx yere, and then dyed."

> And so after mydnught, ayenst day, the Bysshop that was hermyte, as he laye in his bedde aslepe, he fyl upon a grete laughter. And therwyth all the felyshyp awoke and came to the Bysshop and asked hym what he eyled.
>
> "A, Jesu mercy!" sayd the Bysshop, "why dyd ye awake me? I was never in all my lyf so mery and so wel at ease."
>
> "Wherfore?" syd syr Bors.
>
> "Truly," sayd the Bysshop, "here was syr Launcelot with me, with mo angellis that ever I sawe men in one day. And I sawe the angellys heve up syr Launcelot unto heven, and the yates of heven opened ayenst hym."

Arthur, of course, had no right to complain of having been cuckolded by Launcelot; he had himself begotten Modred on King Mark's queen in her husband's absence, similarly claiming that he could not resist the pangs of true love—though according to some writers the queen was his own sister.

Whenever the merchant and artisan classes turn Lollards or Levellers and repudiate the chivalrous tradition, King Arthur is publicised as a national hero. Milton would doubtless have written his projected Arthurian Epic in this sense at the time of the Great Rebellion, but for the unknightly thoughts which an unhappy marriage bred in his mind, forcing him to desert the Cavalier cause. He turned Hebrew prophet instead. Eventually Tennyson versified the legends in his *Idylls of the King*, as a means of strengthening the throne against Chartism and the chapels; but compromised sadly by introducing a heavy atmosphere of guilt and scandal into Malory's straightforward story of Launcelot and Guinevere. The "manner of love in King Arthur's days" was therefore generally repudiated until William Morris wrote *The Defence of Guinevere*; since when the bonds of Christian marriage have become less and less burdensome to knight and lady. So the Briton's counter-Bible is the *Morte D'Arthur*, here for the first time available at a popular price in the best text, that of the Winchester College manuscript. Sir Thomas Malory, the author, was an eccentric Warwickshire Knight who served at the siege of Calais in 1436, sat in Parliament nine years later, and then began a career of knight-errantry for which he suffered eight terms of imprisonment before his death at Newgate in 1471. The charges against him were cattle-raiding, rifling the Abbey of Blessed Mary of Combe, and twice forcing the wife of one Hugh Smyth—but Guinevere probably told Arthur that she had been twice forced by Launcelot. Malory makes no historical sense of King Arthur, but he unifies the scattered legends in so masterly a way that their very contradictions and miracles give them almost gospel authority, justifying his faith that "Kynge Arthur is nat dede but shall come agayne." Shakespeare, as another Warwickshire man, understood all this perfectly. He places the departed soul of his favourite knight-errant—a famous leader and backswordsman who loved feasting, drinking, adultery and the panoply of war—neither in Heaven nor in Hell but in Arthur's bosom, "if ever man went to Arthur's bosom."

ROBERT GRAVES

Four Poems

THE WRONG ROAD

There was no precise point at which to say
"I am on the wrong road." So well he knew
Where he wanted to go, he had walked in a dream
Never dreaming he could lose his way.
Besides, for such travellers it's all but true
That up to a point any road will do
As well as another—so why not walk
Straight on? The trouble is, *after* this point
There's no turning back, not even a fork;
And you never can see that point until
After you have passed it. And when you know
For certain you are lost, there's nothing to do
But go on walking your road, although
You walk in a nightmare now, not a dream.

But are there no danger-signs? Couldn't he see
Something strange about the landscape to show
That he was near where he should not be?
Rather the opposite—perhaps the view
Gave him a too familiar look
And made him feel at home where he had no right
Of way. But when you have gone so far
A landscape says less than it used to do
And nothing seems very strange. He might
Have noticed how, mile after mile, this road
Made easier walking—noticed a lack
Of grit and gradient: there was a clue.
Ah yes, if only he'd listened to his feet!
But, as I told you, he walked in a dream.

You can argue it thus or thus: either the road
Changed gradually under his feet and became
A wrong road, or else it was he who changed
And put the road wrong. We'd hesitate to blame
The traveller for a highway's going askew;
Yet possibly he and it become one
At a certain stage, like means and ends.
For this lost traveller, all depends
On how real the road is to him—not as a mode
Of advancement or exercise—rather, as grain
To timber, intrinsic-real.
He can but pursue
His course and believe that, granting the road
Was right at the start, it will see him through
Their errors and turn into the right road again.

C. DAY LEWIS

FOOL'S PARADISE

It was when I admired her that I thought
I ran most risk of loving. What a fool!
It seems that I must put myself to school
And once again, in Love's old orchard, caught
Among its bruising branches, stumble through
The serpentine of what I thought I knew.

Less guarded later, my misgivings hushed,
Goodhumoured banter seemed avuncular,
A kind of scorn. I was to learn there are
Some kinds like pity, like self-pity, flushed
With all the chagrin of a self-respect.
No one had said scorn could be love's effect.

The Eden of my middle age was hedged,
I thought, by a disparity of ages.
But cutting manners in such quickset cages
Soon make a breach, for they are double-edged;
And aging Adam's favourite is known
When her mistakes torment him like his own.

I was the fool that only wounds could teach.
My gibes were edged, and cut down from the bough
That breaking stooped (scornfully weighted now),
The dangerous apple well within my reach.
My badinage was glittering above
The ugly humour of an anxious love.

DONALD DAVIE

BEAUTY IN TROUBLE

Beauty in trouble flees to the good angel
On whom she can rely
To pay her cab-fare, run a steaming bath,
Poultice her bruised eye;

Will not at first, whether for shame or caution
Her difficulty disclose;
Until he draws a cheque book from his plumage,
Asking how much she owes;

(Breakfast in bed: coffee and marmalade,
Toast, eggs, orange-juice,
After a long, sound sleep—the first since when?—
And no word of abuse.)

Loves him less only than her saint-like mother,
Promises to repay
His loans and most seraphic thoughtfulness
A million-fold one day.

Beauty grows plump, renews her broken courage
And, borrowing ink and pen,
Writes a news-letter to the evil angel
(Her first gay act since when?):

The fiend who beats, betrays and sponges on her,
Persuades her white is black,
Flaunts vespertilian wing and cloven hoof;
And soon will fetch her back.

Virtue, good angel, is its own reward:
Your dollars were all spent.
But would you to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediment?

ROBERT GRAVES

MINER'S DEATH

"Joe's been buried!" The call came
Cracking the whip of the heart,
Crying cold like wind on sweat
And we shivered knowing our part
Fed pity's hungry mouth with pain
From the blow of a dirty oath
Forgiven in humbling knees that crawled
Our prayers to the merciless earth.

With our hands, loving and hating,
We shifted the senseless stone
Our eyes cursing the brooding roof
While we cowered in our flesh and bone.
When hope stood back we found him
Beneath a stone ten feet by four
And thirty inches thick. We told
His mass in tears of sweat and for
A hymn our silenced curses sang
To the organ music of our breath
As we broke the stone and saw
The remains of the feast of death.
The crushed thing in a clothing shroud
We rolled for the funereal journey through
The ways of darkness into the light.
There the sun shone and flowers grew
In the blessed earth as on the day
First the world was offered us.
We blinked the darkness from our eyes
From our hearts the poisoned pus
We drew to leave the deep wound clean
As in truth's time we gazed again
On the shrouded thing that held
All our darkness and our pain.

And upright under the sun
We stole the secret of belief
From the keep of the crowded hour,
Read the word on every leaf,
Perused the volumes of the sky,
Saw the man out of the thing
Leap like laughter and to the word
Put music that our love could sing.

HARRY C. HAINES

Books of the Year

THE VOICES OF SILENCE
André Malraux's revolutionary synthesis of the arts of the world. £6.

THE LIFE OF J. S. MILL
by **Michael Packe.** The most highly praised biography of the year. 42s.

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by **Eric Barnes.** The biography of a nineteenth century actress. "This chapter of American theatrical history is a delight." . . . *J. B. Priestley.* 25s.

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In this world of West Africa **John Wyllie,** author of *The Goodly Seed,* shows himself "a born writer." . . . *Observer.* 10s. 6d.

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The now famous novel of a British Colonel, gripped by an obsession, who built a bridge. By **Pierre Boulle.** 10s. 6d.

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William Gibson's dramatic story of a private mental home, which "almost reads itself."—*Bookman.* 15s.

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"... the best account of post-war Russia produced by an outside observer." LLOYD DAVIES (*Time and Tide*)

LIFE IN RUSSIA

LESLIE C. STEVENS gives encouragement as well as information in this book—for it *is* a sign of hope that an American admiral can write so feelingly and affectionately about the Soviet citizens whose lives and pleasures he shared for much of three recent years, the more intimately for being fluent in Russian. Foreword by MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE. *Illus. 25s. net*

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THE SCIENTIFIC REVOLUTION, 1500 to 1800

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N.B. The literary controversy of the day continues, with increasing fury, over WORDSWORTH by F. W. Bateson, published at 21s. net. New partisans for both sides are very welcome.

LONGMANS

THE POLAK AND THE PLAYBOY

The Execution of Private Slovik. By William Bradford Huie. *Jarrolds.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Cheshire V.C. By Russell Braddon. *Evans.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Here are two men, an American private soldier and an English bomber-pilot, one destined to be as distinguished for his cowardice as the other for his courage. Slovik is the only American to have been shot for desertion since 1864; Cheshire won the V.C., three D.S.O.s and the D.F.C. A huge gulf seems to yawn between them. But is it so huge? Is physical courage so admirable, cowardice so despicable, that the first excuses all other weaknesses and the second obliterates all other virtues?

In war courage is an asset, cowardice a disability, both to yourself and everyone around you. But the extent to which they can respectively be labelled a virtue and a vice, instead of mere personal qualities, must obviously depend on the degree of fear and repugnance to be overcome. Neither of these two men was helped by any burning hatred of the enemy, nor even by any particular conviction that the war was being fought for a just cause. Both knew fear. But Slovik hated war because he saw no point in it and only wanted to be allowed to rebuild his life after an adolescence scarred by imprisonment for petty crimes; while Cheshire, at any rate till 1942, enjoyed it. At the time of Munich he and a fellow-undergraduate went on their knees and prayed for war. "A war," comments his biographer, "would have provided them with exactly the sort of excitement they both craved, and spared them the boredom of any further study." Cheshire confirms this view today: "The war gave me a motive for life and an authority to live under. I was glad to get into it." It was also true of many more young Englishmen than would now have the honesty to admit it.

Slovik by contrast was a kindly weakling: in an English public school he would have been called a "wet." "Eddie just didn't hate anybody, not even the Germans," said one of his fellow privates. "You had to like the little sonofabitch," remarked the jailer who had charge of him after he was sentenced to death. "He'd do anything in the world for you." So far honours between Slovik and Cheshire are at least even. Take your choice between the worried little Polak and the playboy with a feverish desire for the spectacular. I think I prefer the Polak.

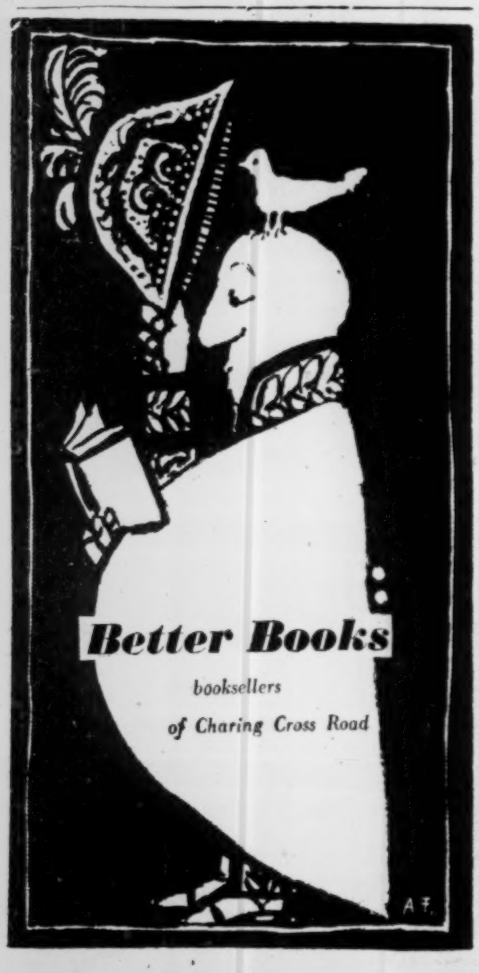
Then came the test. Not of their characters, for they were already established, but of the system which decorates heroes and shoots cowards. Cheshire took to flying with zest. Find the target, hit the target, and get back, if you can, to base. Go out again, and bully them if they won't let you, night after night. "Matter of fact," says Cheshire today, "I rather enjoyed it." Of course he did. He was supremely good at it. He had all the qualities for heroism—skill, luck, survival and determination. It is on this last that the whole case for heroism rests, the only quality which a man contributes by a supreme effort of his own will, and I do not belittle it. Slovik had no determination. Not only did he have no desire for glory, but he had no shame of shame. The reason why I didn't run away several times during the war was that my moral cowardice was greater than my physical cowardice. But Slovik had not even this degree of team spirit. He hated being a soldier, felt he was no good at it, had no buddies and was very frightened. So in October, 1944, on the German frontier, he ran away. He didn't pretend to be ill or to have lost his bearings, and he deserted from a quiet part of the line before he had even been under fire. He hoped to be imprisoned. Instead, he was shot.

Cheshire has probably never heard of Slovik, but he comments as follows on a similar case: "If a man is a member of a unit and suddenly shows cowardice, obviously the authorities have got to do something—and quickly—before he affects his comrades." Something—but execution? My own feeling is that Slovik should never have been put into the front line. The psychiatrists should have caught him long before the military police. But once he was put there, and had refused to make any effort to overcome his fear of fear (there was no question of a sudden panic), any punishment short of execution would have been no punishment at all, but a reward. He was as much a casualty of war as if he had obeyed an order to advance under heavy fire and had been killed. Cowardice is as infectious as courage: it can only be cured by example.

Why then was Slovik the only American to be shot for desertion in eighty years? I think the question is basically irrelevant, though it is the one to which Mr. Huie devotes most attention. He is shocked because it happened to nobody else, not because it happened. Ninety-five American soldiers were hanged for murder or rape during the Second World War, but their case-histories are less interesting to him because they lacked the "Fascinating Statistic" (his own words) of one and one only.

In Cheshire's later career, one can see no trace of sympathy for the Sloviks, nor of horror at the destruction which he caused. This makes it difficult to believe in the legend of the Nagasaki conversion, in his split-second realisation, as the first atomic bomb exploded, that "war was something entirely contrary to the spirit of youth." Nothing that Cheshire wrote or said himself immediately after this experience suggests that he believed that war was, and had always been, wrong: it only suggests that he understood sooner than most of us that the new weapon could destroy the world. It was the immensity, not the wickedness, of its destructive power that overwhelmed him. In 1947 he could still say that war is the highest and most impelling motive that life could offer. Are the Cheshire Homes, his conversion to Roman Catholicism, the crusade for Christianity that he now conducts from his bed of sickness, inferior motives? I don't know. I don't fully understand. Mr. Braddon's book makes me ask the question, but does not answer it.

Nigel Nicolson



FACETIAE

Laugh With Me! Edited by David Langdon. *Faber.* 15*s.*

The Humor of Humor. By Evan Esar. *Phœnix House.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Dennis the Menace. By Hank Ketcham. *Putnam.* 6*s.*

Many Long Years Ago. By Ogden Nash. *Dent.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Passport. By Saul Steinberg. *Hamish Hamilton.* 25*s.*

Max. By Pericle Luigi Giovannetti. *Macmillan: New York.* 15*s.*

This is Sylvia. By Sandy Wilson. *Max Parrish.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

How To Be Topp. By Geoffrey Willans and Ronald Searle. *Max Parrish.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Century of the Common Peer. By Lord Kinross. *Putnam.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

While the Humour Is On Me. By John D. Sheridan. *Dent.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Reviewers of comic books, sourly defying their subjects to make them laugh, are fond of erudite comparisons between American and British humour—the ruthless, and the innocuous; the racy, and the timid; the naked, and the dead. But this year that antiquated gimmick won't work. Here for instance is a *New Yorker* contributor, Britain's own David Langdon, with a new anthology culled from both sides of the Atlantic. For ruthlessness, there's Evelyn Waugh to rival Perelman: for raciness, Maclaren-Ross can take on Bemelmans and Arthur Kober with his double-barrel tied behind his back. And if America scores with Walter Mitty, Dick Ashbaugh, and Benchley's "Take the Witness," Britain can put up Potter on Gamesmanship, Jennings on "The Bin-Bangers," and Richard Mallett on the man from the *Marie Celeste.* It's sad to see no Wolcott Gibbs, no Timothy Shy, and no Richard Haydn: but with these few omissions and only nine downright flops, *Laugh With Me!* is funny enough to outweigh its hideous title and represent the Fifties as Pocock and Bozman's *Modern Humour* represented the Thirties.

Elsewhere, the British-American comparison still tends to favour Europe. Evan Esar, already known here for his *Treasury of Humorous Quotations,* has now anatomised *The Humor of Humor.* "For a really good laugh," says his treacherous blurb-writer, "this is the book": but so dead is Mr. Esar's pan as he catalogues Tangletalk, Fuddletalk, Twist-Wit, The Exaggerism, and so on, that one's inclined to comment, "Pokerface nothing—he's got no sense of humour." Yet, however solemnly, he tells some witty stories; and after-dinner speakers could probably use his book. Anyone who takes it as typical of current American humour must have been lulled to sleep by the distant murmur of Cerf: but this Christmas, unfortunately, very little that's more invigorating has come out of the States. Perelman, Thurber, and Bemelmans seem to have nothing new for us; Walt Kelly's incomparable Pogo, appearing *inter alia* in the *New York Herald-Tribune,* has yet to be published over here. Instead there's *Dennis the Menace,* less subtle, more universal, and sometimes almost as funny, but marred for me by a dislike of Awful Children and of Hank Ketcham's Disney-trained draughtsmanship. Beyond this, we can only fall back to the well-established favourites. One is Steinberg: another is Ogden Nash, a book of whose early verses is now issued for the first time in Britain under the title, *Many Long Years Ago.* Less middle-aged and chesty than those in *The Private Dining-Room,* some of these have an agreeable topical sting:

> Also clerics are very apt to become bitter at my, and bitter at your
> Ideas of what is or is not proper in current literature.
> Their speech is luxuriant
> With words such as lewd, lascivious, obscene and prurient.
> Don't they know that such a loud, nasty noise
> Just puts ideas into the heads of little girls and boys?

Lord M.

DAVID CECIL

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The Macmillan Company, New York
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10 South Audley Street, London, W.1

But Steinberg, of course, is the star turn of the American side. In *The Passport,* his spidery pen has travelled through Europe and the Middle East, the Middle West and Hollywood, spawning many brave versions of Unilinear Man, Fingerprint Birds, nightmare tanktowns, fat women in jeans, and thin women imprisoned by sheet-music. Much of this is fierce and sad and very funny: some of it's pointless doodling: nearly all of it's elegant and attractive. Like Ogden Nash, Steinberg has often confounded his critics by showing himself a considerable artist; and if there are few ordinary "jokes" in his new portfolio, his admirers aren't altogether carping when they announce that their idol has feet of Klee.

Until recently, Britain had few comic draughtsmen to compare with Steinberg: but now, at least by adoption, she has Giovannetti. The antics of Max, his ever-resilient golden hamster, have long been a delightful feature of the new *Punch.* They lose nothing by being collected into an album. Here is Max, rotund and furry, in many moods—quiet unconcern, proud accomplishment, gleeful over-confidence, frustration, bewilderment, explosive fury—as he grapples disastrously with paints, skipping-ropes, turbans, pancakes, roller-skates, spaghetti, and an appalling hair-restorer that suddenly turns him into a small thicket. At once enchanting and hilarious, he's obviously Europe's answer to Mr. Magoo. Nevertheless, he has a rival: and this, needless to say, is Sylvia. She, thank heavens, is only remotely modelled on Mr. Sandy Wilson's cat: she's not one of those Almost Human pets which writers turn into royalties with a wave of the magic pen. Her rather blank face, resembling in the author's drawings a fuzzy Mexican death's head, conceals the identity of most musical-comedy stars of the Thirties and Forties; and he stage memoirs are a feline satire on the glitter and gush of the world where Macqueen is Pope.

How To Be Topp presents another world and another draughtsman—the schoolboy-howler world of Molesworth, and the sinewy, venomous creatures of Ronald Searle. Of course, it's quite fantastic, the slang's outdated, the whole joke goes back to *Vice Versa* and beyond. . . . All the same, with its new bugs, snekes, foopballs, ect., it's continuously funny. Graduates in search of jobs will enjoy the sight of a Dickensian Gabbitas and Thring lurking in the undergrowth to ensnare assistant masters. Their pupils will study with profit the Molesworth Self-Educator and Bogus Report. After all, "You could becom topp if you want to but most pupils do not. If they use this book they could come half way up or even botom hem-hem." If this makes no sense, buy the book and learn the language.

The Book Society's Choice for October

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The Book Society's Alternative Non-Fiction Choice

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JONATHAN CAPE

Last of all come two essayists comparatively unfamiliar. The first is Lord Kinross, with thirty short articles, collected from *Punch,* surveying contemporary Britain with amused and superior distaste. His eye is refreshingly sharp and his tongue is sometimes sharper: on a Nudist Centre, for instance, with Reg and Mavis, Walter and Dorothy and Doug to snicker at, he has the time of his life. But his manner quickly grows monotonous, with its gibes at workmen and Labour peers. One turns with relief to another essayist, that engaging Irishman John D. Sheridan, who's best described as a blend of Benchley, Thurber, and G. K. Chesterton. His eye, like Kinross's, is sharp and irreverent: but his tongue has no trace of peevishness. Read him on "Dining Out," and learn how to deal with the Hotel Splendide:

> I sat down and ordered scrambled eggs.
>
> The waiter drew back as if he had been bitten by something in his napkin and said: "I'll ask the manager if you may be served" . . .
>
> When I had paid the bill I asked for the manager. . . . I told him that I was bringing an excursion party to London on the first Monday in August and asked him to quote his lowest terms for tea, sausages, and black and white pudding for thirty-seven.
>
> I didn't wait to hear his answer, and I often wonder what happened afterwards. Possibly they got the place re-consecrated.

And well they might.

RICHARD MAYNE

LADY RAFFLES AND MR. WURTZBURG

Raffles of the Eastern Isles. By C. E. WURTZBURG. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 42*s.*

At the time of his death in July, 1826, Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, then only 45, was eulogised, not for the settlement he established at Singapore, but for his "discoveries in zoology, botany and physiology" and because he was the main founder of the Zoological Society. He was mourned, not by the East India Company, then haggling with him for the payment of accounts (including his lodging expenses whilst planning the city of Singapore), but by the African Institution, of which he was a Director, and by such men as his friend and next-door neighbour, William Wilberforce, whose passionate anti-slavery concern he had long shared.

Many have been inspired by Raffles's life. A boy who left school at 14, won fame as a scientist and linguist and wrote a *History of Java* for which he was knighted by the Prince Regent; a young clerk in the East India Company promoted to an Assistant-Secretaryship in the Governor's Council in Penang, and then, at the age of 30, to the Governorship of Java; the first colonial governor to consider it his duty to put the interests of the people of the colony before those of the mother country and, by so doing, changing the course of Dutch policy in Indonesia; the man who selected the site of the ancient Malayan city of Singapura as a British settlement.

So much was a record of unique achievement. But the personal story of Raffles has its fascination too. A man of prodigious energy, administrative drive, ambition and imagination, he was bound to inspire jealousy as well as devotion. More than a century after his death, there is still controversy about his administration of Java and books are written to challenge his claim to the foundation of Singapore. Nor is romance lacking. Olivia, the first wife, half-Irish, half-Circassian, inspired the poetry of Dr. Leyden, the most loved of all Raffles's colleagues and a close friend of Sir Walter Scott. The story of her life and death in Java is the subject of a Dutch novel. The second wife survived Raffles for more than 30 years. Devoted and industrious, undaunted by the meanness of the East India Company and the cheap scandals spread by jealous enemies, she produced, in 1830, a *Memoir of the Life and Public Services of Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, F.R.S.* It was a massive compilation of such valuable documentary material that all successive biographers—including the latest, Mr. C. E. Wurtzburg—have lavishly quoted it.

Raffles of the Eastern Isles also contains much new material, hitherto unpublished. The author held important business appointments in London and in Singapore where he was an unofficial member of the Legislative Council. In 1920, feeling that none of the existing books on Raffles adequately described him, Mr. Wurtzburg settled down in his spare time to collect information for a new biography. He tapped official and unofficial sources in Malaya, Holland, Java and India. He discovered many hitherto unpublished letters in the possession of the descendants of Raffles's family and friends. "The more I studied Raffles at close range from contemporary documents," he wrote shortly before he died in 1951, leaving others to edit his material, "the more impressed I became with the greatness of the man and his achievements."

On the rather meaningless controversy about Singapore, Mr. Wurtzburg's conclusive evidence justifies his "last words."

> As for Farquhar and Ross, let each have his fair share of personal credit. But the real inspiration and the original selection belong to Raffles, and it would be difficult to imagine that had there been no Raffles, there would have been any Singapore.

On the second controversy associated with Raffles—the charges brought against him by the jealous and unscrupulous Gillespie—there is new evidence which none of the earlier biographers took the trouble to disentangle. And Olivia Raffles is given all the praise she merits. Lady Raffles dismissed her in a single-line footnote. Mr. Wurtzburg produces not only an Appendix on the mystery of her antecedents but a charming description of her life with Raffles in Malacca and then as the Lady Governess of Java.

Raffles of the Eastern Isles is by no means a definitive life, but invaluable documentation, in spite of scrappy editing and the absence of footnotes. The future biographer of this colonial governor who was so far ahead of his times will have good reason to be indebted to the devoted Lady Raffles and to the indefatigable Mr. Wurtzburg.

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JOHN MURRAY

fering may bring out. This "Emma Smith" (the name assumed in the narrative) has the sharp eyes of a child, a child's questings, fears and acceptances, and something more—the instinct to pour feeling into a mould of reality and not want to improve on what comes out. She remembers —how brightly, sometimes how horribly!—but wishes to change nothing, to show herself unbolstered, to leave others without pins stuck in or sprigs sewn on. This temper, a sort of creative grip on fact, accords with the events she has to relate.

They are terrifying enough. She was born in a workhouse, brought up by grandparents in a slum, handed over at the age of six to a Quilp-like monster who took her round with a hurdy-gurdy singing hymns and abused her sexually; at twelve she had a bad attack of scarlet fever, ran away, and was sent to a convent penitentiary, which for many years—and, indeed, long after she had quitted it—was her home. The later pages, describing her adventures as a servant, marriage, emigration to Australia, return, children, emotional crises, attempts at suicide, read almost like a postscript. She characterises herself, at sixty, as ill-balanced, and dreams of a little cottage with views of sunrise and set; "for the sun rising fills me with hope, and the sunset fills me with peace." Some measure of that peace, to judge from the narrative she has written and the way she has written it, must already be hers. The ill-balance she speaks of is denied by every page and sentence. A small new territory in human experience is made out by *A Cornish Waif's Story*. Its early scenes especially imprint people and landscape unforgettably. The writer's favourite novelist is Dickens; one spots this before she ever refers to him; and her own story is like one of those naphthalene-lit childhoods brought to life. Its joys, by the way—such as a whole sixpence, a moonlight night and the sea, rare flickers of love—are keen beyond the ordinary. A less *miserable* book—despite its miseries—could scarcely be imagined.

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Mr. Menen's reality is of a more fragile order. He is a novelist and we accept him so long as he's amusing and his generalisations click. We don't so much believe him as (sometimes) willingly suspend disbelief. That, in an autobiography or a fragment of one, is hard to keep up, and *Dead Men in the Silver Market* is patchy. I liked Mr. Menen on his mixed ancestry, his grandmother, India, the unhappy Princeling; found him tedious on gentlemen, public schools, and the last Knight under the Raj. He offers us the unimpeachable moral that, while love of country may be good, nationalism is bad.

Dead Man in the Silver Market represents the caperings of one descended, we are told, from Irish brigands and the Nayars of Malabar. The author of *Road to Mecca* is an Austrian Jew who found himself drawn towards Islam. He fled the unease of Europe, fell in love with a landscape and way of life. He is extremely intelligent: his rejection of the Judaism in which he grew up, and defence or apologia of Mohammedanism, are dispassionate, urgent and persuasive. His chief quarrel with Christianity is that by opposing spirit and flesh it fosters hypocrisies and divisions. His narrative takes the form of an 800-mile journey across desert from Iraq to Mecca: this journey, with its hardships and rare meetings, is interspersed with "flashbacks" of his past life. The device come off: the haunting monotony of landscape, the conversations, the relevant digressions make a whole. I found these 370 pages absorbing, even in their incursions into Arab politics. The author, who at twenty-two was foreign correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, has found himself as a nomad who has quelled his inner restlessness. He began, I believe, with the simple discovery of Old Testament scenes and manners as he had read of them as a child; and ends regretting that the Arabia depicted in his pages no longer exists. Oil has changed everything.

Sir Owen O'Malley has been unpopular at school, sickly, well-connected, a difficult man in the Foreign Office and the Embassies; but if these seem good qualifications for an autobiography we have only to read *The Phantom Caravan* to find them vanish away. Almost everything interesting about his work is left out because the Government servant's lips are sealed; he gives away little about his private life, on instinct. Names are sprinkled, jobs change, wars blow up, illnesses and an interest in wild flowers take the place of confession. It is not till he gets involved in the "francs" case, involving his resignation and reinstatement, and is stimulated to self-defence, that the story flickers to life. Still there is an honest artlessness about anyone who can begin, "There are three reasons why this narrative is a good deal duller than my life has been," and go on to list the reasons, all sound.

Mr. Gillain is a great deal livelier. At least he has nothing to lose, and paints the low life that has been his with a lurid brush. He was brought up, none too gently, in convents, worked for a pawnbroker, took to sword swallowing, joined the Army in order to see the world, and not seeing it, deserted, tried robbery, prison, experiments in hypnotism and fake healing. One can't help disliking Mr. Gillain, but a certain imperviousness enables him to reel it all out; he brags and squirms on the page, and isn't dull.

G. W. STONIER

STUDENT OF THE GALL WASP

An Analysis of the Kinsey Reports on Sexual Behaviour. Edited by DONALD GEDDES. *Muller.* 10*s*. 6*d*.

The most telling criticism of Kinsey's work was made by his wife. "I haven't seen much of Alfred," she said, "since he got so interested in sex," and this theme predominates in any criticisms made in this somewhat unnecessary symposium. Kinsey, say a number of writers—psychiatrists, anthropologists, marriage guidance counsellors, and several other experts—isn't really interested in sex at all, but in the physical expression of carnality. The narrowness of his approach, some of them suggest, derives from his early career as a student of the gall wasp, and Dr. Ashley Montague quotes a relevant typological error. Kinsey had written "The proper study of mankind is anthropology," which his secretary interpreted as "the proper study of mankind is entomology."

But bearing in mind, as is also pointed out here, that both the construction of the sample and the technique of investigation are excusably imperfect, these criticisms do not really affect the importance of the findings. We are probably justified in accepting that things occur more or less as Kinsey says they do. But what then? He is now belaboured because of allowing his works to become best sellers.

> The Kinsey Report uses all the techniques to which Americans are especially vulnerable. Its pages and pages of statistics, while dull and very depressing, are equally impressive to the ordinary person. The interview technique has a sinister kind of fascination, especially for women, most of whom like to talk about themselves and their own experiences, and especially about their troubles. The way in which the Report on Women was presented to the public insured its distribution to all females who can read. The space given it by the reputable Press was less significant in this regard than the prominence it attained in widely read magazines. The women's editors especially did their "duty" to a man (or woman); they editorialised and commented so fully that a girl would be stupid indeed who did not absorb the gist of the Report in one session at the hairdresser's.

College youths, it seems, anxiously assess their own virility in terms of the Kinsey figures, and feel compulsively impelled to make up the quota appropriate to their age-group.

But what about blaming the public for its exaggerated response? Kinsey, after all, has produced reports on human (or at any rate American) sexual behaviour, which though limited and fallible, are more comprehensive than anything previously written. We can only hope that the hullabaloo will die down rapidly so that the reports can take a proper place among technical monographs. In the meantime, books like this, which are essentially trivial, despite the distinguished contributors, only serve to prolong the confusion.

ADAM CURLE

FOR CLOSET AND KITCHEN

The Alice B. Toklas Cook Book. *Michael Joseph.* 21*s*.

The Tenth Muse. By SIR HARRY LUKE. *Putnam.* 25*s*.

Italian Food. By ELIZABETH DAVID. *Macdonald.* 16*s*.

Cooking Alone. By KATHLEEN LE RICHE. *Faber.* 8*s*. 6*d*.

There is a distinct vogue for luxurious cookery books which do not aim very seriously at being used. Handsome, amusing and fancifully illustrated, they are designed more for the pleasures of imagination than for domestic practice—for the closet, one might say, rather than the kitchen. *The Alice B. Toklas Cook Book*, for instance, is immensely enjoyable to read, but I cannot imagine it becoming honourably dirty in daily use, or getting its pages stuck together with egg. On the other hand it gives one a great deal of entertaining information about domestic goings-on *chez* Gertrude Stein.

To write this kind of cookery book at all (perhaps a new *genre* invented by Miss Toklas?) one must in the first place be associated with someone famous. You then proceed as though writing a book of memoirs, with this difference, that after each anecdote there is a pause for the recipes of everything that has been eaten. (Surely this opens a new vista for the biographer?) Miss Stein undoubtedly lived well, and these kitchen and dining-room memoirs make rich reading. She was evidently fortunate, too, in her friend and companion, for during all the years that the two American ladies lived together in France, through two world wars and a German occupa-

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tion, Miss Toklas expertly occupied herself with the kitchen garden and the marketing, learning all she could from their succession of clever and troublesome cooks, so that at no moment was Miss Stein obliged to suffer. In fair return, Miss Stein has clearly had some literary influence on Miss Toklas, whose style is clear, amusing, eccentric and to the point, with the least possible concessions to punctuation. At the liberation, "anything could happen now to the degree that when I saw a jeep stop at the kerb I believed it was, and it was." The Stein influence, and the fact that she has lived so long in France that she thinks in French as often as in American, especially in the kitchen, gives her writing an idiosyncratic flavour which is both agreeable and amusing.

They were intimate with Picasso and Picabia, and for those who are not above this sort of information, it is nice to know about the diet Picasso observed for many years, and what he said when they entertained him to a striped bass decorated in the futurist manner with mayonnaise, tomato paste, truffles and hard-boiled egg. (What he said was, "Should it not rather have been made in honour of Matisse than of me?"—a comment which might have been taken in three or four ways.)

Miss Toklas has much to say about servants in France; a terrifying and eccentric tribe, though, as Miss Stein was wont to observe, "if they did not have such faults they would not be working for us." With the second world war they more or less disappeared, and Miss Toklas took over the kitchen, strangling the pigeons with her own hands, laying up hams for the occupation, and rejoicing with frank gratitude in the "blessed black market." The liberation by the American army was celebrated with puff pastry and *frangipani*.

> We were at table when the maid suddenly burst in crying. The American army, they are at the door. Tell them to come in, we said. They are washing their hands, she answered. Gertrude Stein and I went and welcomed them.

Then follows the recipe for the *frangipani* tart with which they did it. There is almost as much reminiscence as cooking in this peculiar and entertaining book, and after a while one skips the recipes (which are mostly rich and intimidating) to read the descriptive chapters purely for fun. This is not a book that will find its way into many kitchens. Still, it is nice to know how to make Haschich Fudge, which is put forward as a suggestion for a Ladies' Bridge Club. "Euphoria and brilliant storms of laughter, ecstatic reveries and extensions of one's personality on several simultaneous planes are to be complacently expected." The essential ingredient may be grown, it seems, in a window-box.

Sir Harry Luke's *The Tenth Muse* is another *de luxe* publication better fitted for the library than the stove; it is so elegantly printed, has such pretty mock-classical decorations, such a good cover. It is full, however, of what one is accustomed to think of as real food; the recipes are not beyond one's imagination, and it is stimulating in a way that Miss Toklas's more entertaining book is not—that is to say, it is full of appetising suggestions which one is moved to make a note of and try oneself. It is not a conventional cookery book at all, but the personal notebook of a gastronome who has enjoyed good food in many parts of the world, and has taken the trouble to find out how to prepare it. Many recipes are put in just for the beauty of the thing (which of us would not be defeated by a direction to add "1½ gills cassareep"?) but this is fair enough, for Sir Harry Luke has consumed cassareep, whatever that is, and liked it, and this is a record of all the delicious foods in a long life. He has also liked mashed potatoes with horse-radish, and a particular way of frying cabbage, and many other simple and excellent things, so that the practical recipes are as numerous as the exotic. This would be a splendid book to be given at Christmas; it is rather too grand and expensive to buy for oneself.

Elizabeth David's *Italian Food* is in a different category. I do not remember any other cookery book which has so impressed me. Mrs. David, for one thing, writes exceedingly well, so that her descriptive chapters are a pleasure to read. Her approach to her subject is positively scholarly; she knows Italy thoroughly, has pursued her researches in all sorts of Italian kitchens, knows their possible faults as well as their virtues, and has as much sound advice to offer on eating in Italy as she has on the cooking of Italian dishes at home. This is emphatically a book to take when one goes to Italy; with its help, the terrible Italian menu is made plain, and one learns what to look for in Bologna, Amalfi, Rome. Reading it, indeed, fills one with remorse for opportunities missed, as one ate like a tourist in the big hotel while round the corner, under a modest arcade, there waited a dish for which the region was famous. This book stands out a mile from the general run, and deserves high praise.

To turn from Mrs. David to *Cooking Alone,* a book of culinary advice to the solitary by Kathleen le Riche, is like falling face downwards into a dish of cold sago. Granted that living alone makes cooking boring, need it be so cruelly depressing as this? Is even the most reclusive of us the better for being told how to make one cup of tea, as opposed to a pot, to wrap an ice-cream brick in newspaper and keep it under the sofa cushion, to warm up left-over tinned fruit with a bit of jam, to be careful not to burn our toast at the gas-fire? And even if these melancholy instructions are for our good, must they really be given, with whimsical pathos, through the mouths of the Dear Old Lady, the Lonely Mother, the Middle-Aged Bachelor, the Convalescent who makes tea with boiling milk . . . ("She enjoyed it a lot. She felt stimulated. It was a success"). . . . No, really, I cannot go on. This book made me feel that anyone who lives alone had better hang themselves at once and be done with it.

MARGARET LANE

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Going to Museums. By JACQUELINE PALMER. *Phoenix House.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Pet Birds for Boys and Girls. By ERIC LEYLAND. *Nicholas Kaye.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

"The pictures are very pretty," writes M. (aged 9), "but I have a feeling they are exaggerating the real beauty. By the way, Mr. Fisher seems to think that the weather is not Nature, which I disapprove of." *Adventure of the World*, an ingeniously illustrated volume measuring 13 by 10 inches, covers what would conventionally be called geography, but includes also something on the fossil record. As M. indicates, a main theme is the struggle of living things ("Nature"), especially man with his domestic animals and plants, to cope with the inanimate world. It is evidently addressed to children of ten years or so and upwards, but younger children can use it, and many adults will doubtless read it with pleasure. Much of the information is conveyed by means of Isotype diagrams; there are also many relief maps, of which the smaller ones are far from clear; and, most impressive of all at first glance, there are large pictures illustrating vividly (in both senses) various scenes, from the Palaeozoic to the city of the future. All the illustrations are in colour; much thought has gone to their design, and, correspondingly, to get the most out of them requires reflection in the reader. A good way of reading the book (the reviewer finds) is for papa or mama and the little ones to study it together.

The text is brief, and very condensed. This no doubt accounts for some rash assertions, for instance that the first living things were certainly single-celled. R. (aged 8), comments: "the pictures show you practically everything, and it is a very nice book, but James Fisher does not tell you enough about what he writes about." This is, in fact, a new kind of reading, in which a real effort is made to integrate pictures and words, and in which a great deal of information is conveyed in the illustrations alone. Probably, most children left by themselves with the book will be attracted by the dinosaurs and mammoths, perhaps by the astronomy (with perspective diagram of the solar system) and by the final section on man and the unknown (chiefly exploration, ending with a space ship near the moon). The sections on climate and weather, on geology, on domestic animals, minerals, power and on the various ways of life of man in different regions, these are less immediately stimulating. It is however a book to which children can return again and again, on each occasion getting something new from it.

Adventure of the World is an example of the attempts, now just beginning, to make use of modern printing techniques to present information in new ways. The same methods are used, on a slightly smaller scale (10 by 8 inches) in the books by Marie Neurath and her colleagues. Their main theme is the ways in which people live, in different conditions of geography and climate. In these two books the maps are highly successful. They are just the thing for twelve-year-old twins. A possible complaint is that the double pages, looked at as wholes, are often unsatisfying visually on account of a lack of unity, even though each individual colour diagram or drawing is excellent. We need however to know just what effects these (and other) new forms of visual presentation have on children. We need consumer research. Can James Fisher and Marie Neurath arrange that too?

To the adult eye, at any rate, Professor Bullough's book of vertebrates shows that an attractive appearance, combined with sound information, need not depend on the use of colour.

Introducing Animals-with-Backbones, also for ages around eleven, has a reliable text giving plenty of natural history, including breeding habits, illustrated on every page except three by one or more admirable drawings: the use of a black ground, with the subject *e.g.* an unborn calf *in utero* outlined in white, is most effective. All the most popular vertebrates are included, from sharks to dinosaurs, and from flying fish to whales. Only man is treated with contempt.

Finally, we have two books, for older children, which, though unattractively produced, have the great merit of suggesting something for their readers to do. Miss Palmer covers museums of all kinds: natural history, archaeology, folk-art, toys, history and others are represented. There are 26 well-chosen photographs, and a serious, lucid and enthusiastic text. This book encourages its readers, not only to visit museums, but to venture into the open, and to observe and study the birds and beasts. There is a reference to museum clubs, and a list of museums of the British Isles.

Mr. Leyland, who is concerned with budgerigars and canaries only, is as practical and enthusiastic as Miss Palmer. Science is not his strong point, but he seems to know everything that the young bird-fancier could need on the subject of keeping his pets in good health and breeding the types he requires. Admittedly, a "perfect" budgerigar is described (and illustrated), without any indication of what the bird is perfect *for*, (except profit for its owner). But this is to carp. In this lot of six books, most tastes are catered for; only old-fashioned natural history is, alas, not represented.

ANTHONY BARNETT

Newspapers, by Henry Compton—in the "How Things are Made" series (Educational Supply Association, 7*s*. 6*d*.)—has a very fine set of photographs and a text suitable for children of about eight to thirteen.

DOOCEDLY INTRIGUING

Legions of the Eagle. By HENRY TREECE. *Bodley Head.* 9*s*. 6*d*.

The Eagles Have Flown. By HENRY TREECE. *Bodley Head.* 9*s*. 6*d*.

Queen's Treason. By PHILIP RUSH. *Collins.* 8*s*. 6*d*.

The Three Pebbles. By RICHARD PARKER. *Collins.* 8*s*. 6*d*.

The League of the Cat. By HOOLE JACKSON. *Blackie.* 5*s*.

Polly and Oliver. By DAVID SCOTT DANIELL. *Cape.* 9*s*. 6*d*.

Voyage to Bengal. By FRANK KNIGHT. *Macmillan.* 10*s*. 6*d*.

It is possible, though perhaps dangerous, to make general inferences about the writing of historical books for children from this batch of seven. Nearly all these writers have taken trouble in getting their details right. Mr. Treece supplies maps, notes and glossaries and has made effective use of the work of Collingwood and Sir E. K. Chambers; Mr. Rush has used Tout for the pastimes and character of Edward II; Mr. Parker has consulted French sources of the sixteenth century and contemporary drawings in the Print Room of the British Museum; and Captain Knight has used records of the East India Company to supplement his professional knowledge of ships and seamanship. Nearly all have an unsentimental and even tough approach to the figures and events of their period. Arthur is represented as "a ruthless and possibly half-barbaric Celt"; Queen Isabella, shown first as a pathetic victim of politics, emerges as heartlessly vindictive; and the account of the French colonists in Florida is of a failure caused by the incompetence and feuds of the French themselves. Lastly, although these books are full of wars, pirates and voyages, most of these authors regard war as futile and militant patriotism as dangerous. "The point the tale tries to make," Mr. Treece says of his *Legions of the Eagle*, "is that it doesn't matter what colour your hair is or what language you speak." Two of the boys in these books are made to prefer farming to fighting, and the hero of *Queen's Treason* rejects service in a noble household for a career as a surgeon. Even Sergeant Trott, in *Polly and Oliver*, concedes that there is truth in his daughter's remark that "The French soldiers we've met were as nice as anyone else."

Mr. Treece's *Legions of the Eagle* has for its setting first-century Britain at the time of the Claudian invasion. Its rather complicated plot is worked out through the adventures of three boys, the son of a Belgic chieftain, the son of a Silurian prince and the son of a Roman centurion. It is written with great competence, both in dialogues and descriptions, and the individual episodes of battles and flights are admirably handled. But the younger boy is likely to find the whole book confusing and to be depressed by the expressions of irony, bitterness and resignation.

The Eagles Have Flown, by the same author, exploits the readiness of scholars to accept the historicity of Arthur as a Romano-British commander of the fifth century, and is much more successful. There are two boys, not three; and the personality and career of Arthur supply the story with a backbone. Some of the older boys will appreciate the agreeably deflationary treatment of the Arthurian legends, and enjoy the campaigns and feats of strength. But it is not a book for the squeamish, nor for the reader who likes clear-cut causes and heroes.

Queen's Treason has for its theme the final crisis of Edward II's reign, culminating in his overthrow by Isabella and Mortimer. It opens unpromisingly with an account of how a London boy discovers that his queen is the victim of witchcraft. "Alan felt this Queen was the star he would always follow. He would live for her, he would ask nothing better than to die for her."

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The Present Month

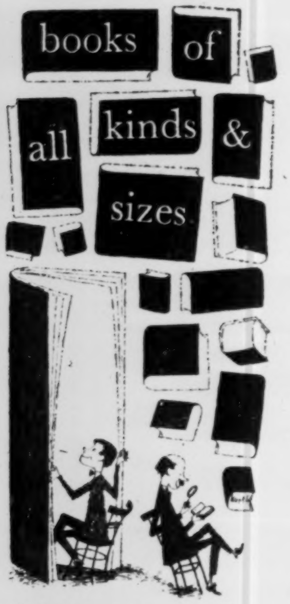
A list of extremely presentable children's books includes ¶ ALL DAY LONG (21s net), the poetry anthology to last a lifetime, compiled by *Pamela Whitlock;* ¶ THE EAGLE OF THE NINTH (10s 6d net), *Rosemary Sutcliff*'s stirring novel of Roman Britain; ¶ the first three volumes in our *Myths & Legends* series—¶ ENGLISH FABLES & FAIRY STORIES by *James Reeves;* ¶ IRISH SAGAS & FOLK TALES by *Eileen O'Faoláin;* ¶ SCOTTISH FOLK TALES & LEGENDS by *Barbara Ker Wilson;* and of course ¶ LAVENDER'S BLUE (15s net), the nicest Nursery Rhyme Book there is, compiled by *Kathleen Lines* and gaily pictured by *Harold Jones.*

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Dark eyes flash, pale faces flush and sobs are strangled. But the story improves greatly once the scene is moved to France. Alan's priggishness and credulity are offset by the liveliness of his companion, a boy with a healthy interest in food and money and a cheeky disrespect for the great. Isabella is scaled down to life-size and Mortimer and the young Lord Edward are treated realistically. There are too many clichés, especially in the dialogue; but Mr. Rush has written a good story, full of exciting incidents and contrasting characters.

With *The Three Pebbles* we move on to a French attempt to establish a settlement in Florida in 1564. It is carefully and quietly written, following the sources closely and without any attempt to dramatise or embroider. But the material is rather depressing. The leader is sick and disillusioned; the majority of the colonists preferred gold and piracy to farming; and the survivors were rescued by Hawkins. Three boys are plausibly introduced into the expedition, but their experiences are subordinated to the account of the settlement. It is a pity that Mr. Parker has chosen this restricted and temperature-lowering material, for he writes simply and sensibly and knows how to combine incident and description.

In plot, style and period *The League of the Cat* is pure Baroness Orczy and highly enjoyable, whether read straightforwardly or as pastiche. The setting is Cornwall in the year of Trafalgar. There is the mysterious figure of The Cat with "a most delicate, rapier-like weapon," and who "seemed as daintily made as a woman, yet most perfectly proportioned, and, though of such slight build, to carry with him a sense of power and menace." Doctor Guillotine is still at work across the Channel and an Englishman is still rescuing its intended victims—"An Englishman! Egad! he must have the wit of—hm—a snake to baffle and elude those red-handed demons of the Revolution." And, fortunately for the climax, there is the tall handsome young buck, Tony Buckingham—"Finest amateur hand with the ribbons in England. We've a woman to find and a plot to thwart, and by heaven, it will take all our skill and organisation to do it." As Captain Terence remarks, not forgetting to flick a tiny piece of thread from his exquisite coat, it is all "most doocedly intriguing."



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W. H. SMITH & SON'S BOOKSHOPS

In *Polly and Oliver* David Scott Daniell gives us a sequel to last year's *Mission for Oliver*. The setting, the Mediterranean in the Napoleonic wars, is not treated in quite the same comic opera manner, and though the author does not worry unduly about plausibility of plot, his writing has a zest and freshness which will hold and convince the younger girls and boys. Polly and Oliver are involved in a shipwreck, outwit a pair of British spies and a sizeable force of the French army, humiliate the Sicilian bandit and join their regiment in successful action.

Captain Frank Knight's *Voyage to Bengal* is for older boys only who will not be put off by the account of a flogging and realistic lower-deck descriptions of hardships at sea. The plot is unconvincing, but the descriptions of life on an East Indiaman in the 1830s and of its navigation are excellent.

J. O. Prestwich

CULTURE AND THE TOT

A Picture History of Great Discoveries. By Clarke Hutton. *Oxford.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Ethelbert. By Rosemary Hoyland. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Tiger Who Couldn't Eat Meat. By Nancy Spain. *Max Parrish.* 6*s.*

Orlando's Zoo. By Kathleen Hale. *Murray.* 2*s.*

Little Red Fox and the Wicked Uncle. By Alison Uttley. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Pippi Longstocking. By Astrid Lindgren. *Oxford.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Proudest Llama. By Brian Fawcett. *Hutchinson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Machines Which Seem to Think. By Marie Neurath. *Max Parrish.* 6*s.*

The Adventures of Peddy Bottom. By Stefan Themerson. *Gaberbocchus.* 4*s.* 9*d.*

Have I missed some recent psychological theory which proved that bright colours are bad for children, or is it M. Dior's fault, or the weather? Whatever causes them, I pass over several volumes in faultless taste, and particularly one called *The Lovely Summer*, with a jacket featuring two dark khaki rabbits and an off-beige carrot on a field of battleship grey, to remark that everything recommended in this paragraph has Proper Colours and has been found to produce squeaks of pleasure at sight in an unregenerate child of nearly three. The best of the lot is *A Picture History of Great Discoveries*. It covers explorers from the Cretans and Phœnicians to Captain Scott. There are 62 pages, with an adequate short text and plenty of vivid pictures. While all are gay and interesting, six or eight of the full-page ones are really beautiful, notably one of Magellan's three little white ships sailing down his Strait, and another of the discovery of the Pacific. Excellent for any intelligent child up to the age of 10 or 11—after that he may start complaining that the text doesn't *explain* astrolabes, hasn't enough dates, and is biassed about Crusaders. Next come a couple of charming and rather similar tigers. (It is pleasant to see the *Zeitgeist* celebrate each Christmas by stamping now this animal, now that, on the collective unconscious, so that the exasperated illustrators and Christmas-card artists find themselves all coming up alike.) Both Tigers are rebels; Ethelbert *will* go swimming, and ends up as a passenger on a whale; Simpkin won't eat meat, and so comes to live with a little boy in Kensington. I liked Ethelbert better myself, he has some very nice sploshy pictures of water, but he is probably suited to a slightly younger public, say, 2-8 and 4-10 respectively. *The Tiger Who Couldn't Eat Meat* is highly sophisticated, with lots of people in it and an Edwardian setting. Its pictures are on the subtle side, too, with a touch of Stevie Smith about them. Next comes Orlando, always very good value, colourful as ever and not *quite* so cosy and domestic this time, since he has half the jungle to stay with him and has to find room for it in the Zoo. There is one particularly nice picture where the creatures dress up as visitors, using each other as hats and furs—just you work it out.

All these are picture-books suitable for real tots, but the remainder need a public that can read. *Little Red Fox and the Wicked Uncle* is a quite delightful book about a fox-cub adopted by badgers; it has charming illustrations, some coloured and some not, which remind me of Beatrix Potter. Ages 5-8? As for *Pippi Longstocking*, she is a fine piece of wish-fulfilment from Sweden. She has no parents and lives by herself with a monkey and a horse; she is so strong that she can easily throw policemen about, does just what she pleases, and is always benevolent if treated kindly. If you have a daughter who does this sort of thing already, perhaps you had better not give her the book, or is that the wrong principle? Quite fun, anyway; ages 8-11. *The Proudest Llama* is an intriguing story, with lots of local colour about Peru and a good rousing moral. I would recommend it very highly if its pictures weren't so ugly as to be rather frightening. As it is, it will do for anyone with reasonably strong nerves; say 8-11 again. *Machines Which Seem To Think* explains with lots of nice bright Isotype cogwheels and a brief text, eighteen common machines, some simple, some highly complicated. It all seems most efficient and, if that is the sort of thing that takes your breath, no doubt breath-taking. 8-12 I suppose, though as it comes years too late for me I can't be certain. Don't say I didn't warn you when it leads your child to take the clock to pieces, and howl with disappointment that the cogwheels aren't pink and green.

I don't myself much care for *The Adventures of Peddy Bottom*, but devotees of the Searle-Steinbeck-Themerson put-it-through-the-mangle-and-it's-sure-to-raise-a-laugh school of humour will find it useful for bringing up their children in the way they should go. It is the story of a mixed creature trying to find out what it is: a promising theme, but worked out in a lot of heavy, pedantic, vaguely Carrollish jokes and not leading to much except a slash at bureaucracy. The drawings, by Franciszka Themerson, are successful of their kind. But I can't for the life of me see why author and artist should disapprove of the three-cornered-hatter with a block for altering all the round heads to fit his hats. I should have thought he was just their man.

Mary Scrutton

CHILDREN'S ROUND-UP

For the history-minded: the Junior Heritage Books on *Castles* and *Churches* (Batsford, 7s. 6d. each); the serious castle-fan can go on to the useful H.M.S.O. *Castles* (3s. 6d.) by B. H. St. J. O'Neil, and R. Allen Brown's *English Medieval Castles* (Batsford, 16s.), both intended for seniors. Louise and Peter Cochrane's *Digest of British History* (Newman Neame, 10s. 6d.), though aimed at foreign visitors, would be a good present for the right child. All these have excellent illustrations. The Cadet edition of Hornblower aims at presenting the hero's adventures in four volumes—slightly abridged and rearranged in chronological order—for younger readers. The first two are *Hornblower Goes to Sea* and *Hornblower Takes Command* (Michael Joseph, 7s. 6d. each).

For space-fans: Werner Buedeler's *To Other Worlds* (Burke, 18s.)—rockets, telescopes, stars; Patrick Moore's *Worlds Around Us* (Muller, 6s.); *Exploration of the Moon* (Muller, 18s.)—text by Arthur C. Clarke, illustrations by R. A. Smith.

Reprints: *Black Beauty* (Puffin, 2s.); *The Pilgrim's Progress* and Mrs. Molesworth's *Cuckoo Clock* (Dent, 8s. 6d. each); *Huckleberry Finn* (Blackie, 5s. 6d.); and a choice of *Alices* (both *Wonderland* and *Looking Glass*). One has the Tenniel pictures (Dent, 11s. 6d.); the other illustrations by Mervyn Peake (Wingate, 12s. 6d.).

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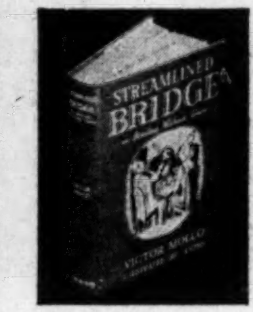

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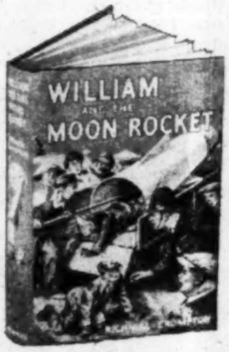

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Books in General

IN the Great Universal Reference Library Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians* occupies a corner of its own: besides being encyclopædic and more or less authoritative, it is also above all things companionable. Sir George Grove, its founder and first editor, was not at all what we now call a musicologist; he was a many-sided Victorian humanist, an amateur *in excelsis,* and his Dictionary has always reflected his own spontaneous, affectionate, unprofessional approach to the art.

And now that a brand-new and immensely enlarged Grove* makes its appearance, the most thorough-going revision since the original publication of 1878-89, the question instantly arises: how far, in a world of ever-narrowing specialisation, can Grove remain itself? Happily the answer is reassuring. Amid the intimidating buffets of rival scholars, in a mounting sea of jargon, Grove stands firm for traditional standards of a wide general culture and literary taste. The old Victorian virtues are not dead yet. Indeed, in Mr. Eric Blom, the new editor, they have found a notable champion: his Preface, clear, sensible and at times highly amusing, declares war on all such odious German-American neologisms as "voice-leading" for "part-writing," or "tone" for "note." His guiding hand is continually felt: slipshod writing and loose thinking must occur in so vast a book, but they are certainly rare. Here let me say that to "review," in the ordinary sense of that term, such a work as this after less than a month's use is out of the question; all I can do is to give my first impressions, for what they are worth. Of one thing I already feel sure: in selecting Mr. Blom for the prodigious ten-year undertaking the publishers made an unerring choice. But to discover his abundant qualifications for the task you will consult Grove V in vain. Just as in Grove I there was no entry under "Grove," so in Grove V there is no entry under "Blom." Quite absurd, of course; but endearingly characteristic of both men.

First, some practical considerations. In roughly doubling its size, Grove has unfortunately quadrupled its price. The last edition, that of 1940, consisted of the five 1927 volumes with minor corrections, plus a supplementary volume, each of which cost 30s.; so that the whole work cost £9. The new edition consists of nine slightly larger volumes and costs £36 (from which £4 can be deducted by those who order before December 31). This great increase, though no doubt unavoidable, makes sad news, for it virtually confines the work to libraries. Need the price have been so high? By drastic and inconvenient cutting of minor entries a few hundred pages could perhaps have been saved; but hardly enough to count against the huge increase in the field of knowledge covered. On the typography and layout both publisher and printer are to be warmly congratulated: the page is attractive, misprints and confusions are rare. Very handsome, too, is the pale blue buckram binding; but some of the volumes will not easily lie flat.

More serious is the difficulty of discovering the author of a given article. Articles are signed by initials; but the key to these, instead of being repeated as before at the beginning of each volume, is now printed in Volume I only. This small economy, which saves a mere ten pages in a 1,000-page volume, will prove particularly exasperating to the reader in a public library, whose only hope of allaying his legitimate curiosity will be to hang round the unfortunate reader of Volume I and murmur: "I wonder if you would mind if, just for a moment, . . ." I could wish, moreover, that the example of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* had been followed, and that the name of each contributor were followed by a list of his principal contributions. Having read William McNaught's masterly essay on Beethoven, for instance, I am eager to know what else he may have written.

This essay is one of three major items which replace Grove's even longer, but now at last superannuated monographs on his three favourite composers (these were put out to grass by Macmillan in 1951 in a volume called *Beethoven-Schubert-Mendelssohn*). McNaught, who died last year, has left us a masterpiece in all respects worthy of old Grove himself: on the many complex issues raised by Beethoven's character and music he writes with a rare blend of directness and subtlety, of plain sense and spiritual insight, of critical intelligence and humility in the presence of genius. As we read these pages, distinguished in style and profound in feeling, we obtain a perfectly balanced and convincing picture of Beethoven as man and musician. Of the many admirable articles which I have so far read in the new Grove nothing else is quite on this level. Schubert has fallen to Maurice Brown, a specialist in this field: his recent study of *Schubert's Variations* (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.) is a kind of pendant to his Grove article. In telling the story of Schubert's life he shows a lack of charity towards the composer's friends which amounts, in the case of Schober, to something like rancour; on the music he is not only sound but penetrating and often original. Percy Young's Mendelssohn is another satisfactory, if inevitably less interesting, contribution; but the same author seems badly out of his depth in summarising the musical achievement of Wagner. To say that the Nazis' cult of Wagner "has proved unfortunate for his posthumous reputation" is in 1954 almost meaningless; even in 1944 one had to be rather stupid to fall for that line of talk. In sharp distinction is a brilliant new Verdi entry by Frank Walker, who has also written authoritatively on Wolf and Pergolesi, besides supplying numerous scholarly corrections and emendations throughout the Dictionary.

A great deal of the matter (actually, about one-half) is quite new, and the standard seems for the most part astonishingly high. There is, however, a sort of music in which one can only surmise that the editor feels little interest, so shoddy by comparison is its treatment. Look at Rachmaninoff (you will find him logically, though a shade pedantically, disguised as "Rakhmaninov"—just as you will find Chaliapin(e) disguised as "Shaliapin"). He receives little more than a column, less than Mompou or Moniuszko; his concertos are contemptuously dismissed, the first two symphonies barely mentioned, the Third Symphony and the many beautiful songs ignored; moreover, this symphony and the Symphonic Dances are omitted even from the catalogue of works. Mahler is another odd case. The article is a hotch-potch of Scott Goddard (from the Third Edition) and Egon Wellesz (from the Fourth), bridged by a brief editorial paragraph which suggests, very reasonably, that the best of Mahler's genius went into his songs; yet these all-important songs, if we except *Das Lied von der Erde,* are elsewhere not mentioned. The keys of some of the symphonies are also strangely given.

There is one composer—Richard Strauss—whose treatment is either comical or shocking, according to the reader's point of view. The article is basically the old one of Alfred Kalisch (who died in 1933), together with the additional column or so produced by Colles for the 1940 Supplement. This material has been very curiously handled. For instance, Kalisch, when comparing *Aus Italien* (1886) with the *Alpine Symphony* (1915), referred to the latter as "belonging to the opposite end of [Strauss's] career"; and this sentence has been solemnly retained. Colles, writing in wartime when information was vague and scarce, remarked: "*Midas* was announced for performance at Vienna in 1939". Of course, there is no such opera as *Midas*; this is the name under which *Die Liebe der Danae* was first projected. Dimly aware that there is something wrong, the reviser has inserted a "let-out" clause, so that the passage now reads: "*Midas* was announced for performance at Vienna in 1939, but did not materialise". Not only the relatively unimportant *Liebe der Danae,* but all the productions of Strauss's final period—*Capriccio, Metamorphosen,* the Oboe Concerto and the *Four Last Songs,* to name only the best of them —are blandly ignored in this article; or, to be quite precise, they are perhaps all bumped off together in a single sentence: "As for his latest work, it continued, in a tired kind of way, on the lines of his mature masterpieces of the earlier years of the 20th century".

I shall be greatly surprised if my daily reading of Grove yields anything else so quaint as the treatment of Strauss. Far more characteristic are a loving article on Schütz by Antony Lewis and two sparkling essays by Winton Dean on Bizet and on Criticism. Errors are bound to turn up; a few are worth mention. The Toscanini article is inaccurate, especially in respect of his Bayreuth and Salzburg career; and some mischievous imp has added to the formerly quite correct statements about the singing of the great Wagner parts by the De Reszke brothers the erroneous gloss that they sang them only in Italian. It is sad to think how many people will now go round repeating that! But these are minutiæ. For the most part I have been fascinated and enthralled by Mr. Blom's monumental achievement; every day I find half a dozen new entries of the most absorbing interest. So far I have spoken mainly of composers' entries; another essay would be needed to do justice to the technical articles on composition by Dr. Andrews, or to the studies of our younger composers sensibly entrusted to two young writers, Colin Mason and Wilfrid Mellers. Or again, one could browse happily for hours among the countless new oddities of information thrown up by such a compilation as this. Here are three, chosen at random. The Toy Symphony is now thought to be by Leopold Mozart. It seems possible that Anselm Hüttenbrenner sat on the manuscript of Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony for 42 years for the simple reason that he was ashamed of having lost the rest of it. Sibelius adopted the French form (Jean) of his first name because he found some visiting cards belonging to his uncle so inscribed and "thought it a pity to waste them". I add a small discovery which can perhaps go into the next edition: Shostakovich's Opus 16 bears the strange title of *Tahiti Trot*, and is described as an "arrangement for orchestra". An arrangement of what? Believe it or not, of *Tea for Two* by Vincent Youmans. Shostakovich, by the way, deserves a fresh article . . . and so the happy reader rambles on, tut-tutting over this, smiling benevolently over that. But smiles are in the ascendant. More than ever, Grove is its delightful old self.

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* *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians.* Fifth Edition. Edited by ERIC BLOM. Nine vols. *Macmillan.* £36.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

EXERCISE WITH A BROAD NIB

Cudworth a Cambridge don
Made the discovery that man
Naturally knows good from evil
Though Eve had to be told by the devil.

Cudworth decided you've a feeler
(Watch it waver! Watch it waver!)
Touch will discover woman's beauty
But not, Jack, your duty.
Eyes will descry the infinite
But not what's right.
The ear discerns sonata form
Not indecorum.
The gusto that will sauce your dinner
Makes you a sinner
Nor shall the sharpness of your nose
Rival that other sense which knows
As datum—given—
What's what in heaven.

You have five senses? No there's one
More to come
Which Cudworth in his innocence
Called Common Sense.

And thus the triangle is eternal:
This common knowledge, being paternal,
Is transferred to the weaker vessel
Only by intercourse with the devil.

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For Gilbert Ryle

"No acts performed in fact have been
Rehearsed upon a private stage
Inside the head." We know you mean:
What bunch of nerves has come of age
To play the ghost in the machine?

Our mind we figure simply is
The sum of our activity.
I do with mine as he with his—
Ask for the University
When shown around the colleges.

Consider this no piece of wit.
All mental-conduct systems fail
When thought and action cease to fit.
The mind can measure things by scale.
But what can scale or measure it?

GEORGE MACBETH

A TREE OF LIFE

Man on Earth. By JACQUETTA HAWKES. *Cresset.* 21*s.*

The earth, during her thousand million years of fruitful life, gave birth to Man and could then ask what meaning lay in her persistent act of creation. Man, through whom she asks this question, is in some way its answer: and one way of discovering how he may be is to meditate upon his long history. "I hope in this book," Jacquetta Hawkes writes, "to show the whole of human becoming and being like a plant standing in eternity." We view this human plant as though it were that one in the Vedanta, whose roots are in heaven while its branches scrape the earth: its purpose in eternity is to give us back our own meaning, since the image we make of human history becomes the image of the mind itself.

Mind is a symbol for all that which is capable of controlling mere process and applying it to its own ends. The original amoeba, that Adam of popular science, was the first triumph of this speculative power, till in its turn it became an aspect of process over which the metazoan got the victory. Woman is traditionally the figure symbolising the wheel of process; Man, the resisting and transcending mind. Between them, a creative mediator, the blind eros.

This theme, with other like intimations, runs through the book. It leads us through the story of how the physical body—with its defined shape, its growing isolation and control, its sense organs—was lengthily assembled. At the same time we are able to see these lives, not merely as attempts at being, nor as grandiose follies doomed from the start, but, as Jacquetta Hawkes says of the age of reptiles, as complete achievements of the evolutionary force.

The words "evolutionary force" name something science prefers to gloss over, by taking it for granted. It is one of the many happy things in this book that its author not only refuses to take it for granted, but uses herself to illustrate its power and its working: so that we can understand it now in the state of human love, now in the nature of that submission woman undergoes when she is pregnant, and now in the amazed contemplation of an Argus pheasant, whose plumage puts the Roi Soleil to shame. It strikes her that natural selection by itself is not capable of producing such an extravaganza—and nor, of course, is it. Natural selection is the term for the way process is directed into such and such a shape: when it produces something as extraordinary as the human brain we search vainly for the external cause. Instead we may account for the human brain by that seeming afterthought of describing its capacities and the use made of them. This poetical view (using the word in its responsible, Gravesian sense) paradoxically is not such an exercise in justification as the scientific one.

> While there is no goal to which we are progressing, as though passing through a corridor to reach a room, there is, I believe, an all-pervading and transcendent significance in human evolution which we now know enough of the past to comprehend. This is the bringing into being, the heightening, and the intensifying of our consciousness through creative experience at every level of existence.

Thus we can see Man as it were approaching his true likeness: the true likeness first of his body then of his mind. Man's consciousness came into being as he discovered language and his ability to create images and set them down.

> It has always appeared to me to be the most astonishing and improbable event in the whole of human history. Imagine these hunters! Behind them a vast span of animal forebears and a million years of dark, persistent savagery. . . . Suddenly out of this wilderness and the brain and being of man there sprang a noble art. . . . This is an originality unequalled and almost beyond understanding.

Thus, slowly, Man began to civilise and domesticate himself, to create, to make known and of course to destroy: we may see both the "perilous fragility of culture" and the tenacity with which, on the whole, men keep hold of what they have brought forth.

This book naturally carries its own moral. The feminine principle in the West is continually suffering defeat at the hands of the masculine one which refuses to be bound, which is in a passion to control, systematise, analyse, atomise; till it loses by its very self-insistence those "intimations of cosmic meaning" which only the dark powers of the mind, shaped through evolutionary ages, are able to give. As herself a bearer of the feminine principle, Jacquetta Hawkes is confident in the goodness of existence; and, if we have lost confidence in ourselves,

> decay itself has is own peculiar virtues. Just as ruins can be more lovely, more moving and significant than a building fresh from the masons' hands, so a people obsessed with its own decline and degeneracy may be able to explore and express, as no budding one can, the tragic aspect of humanity, our courage in face of a reasonable, far-sighted despair.

FRANCIS HUXLEY

THACKERAY

Thackeray the Novelist. By GEOFFREY TILLOTSON. *Cambridge.* 22*s.* 6*d.*

One by one the Victorian novelists are revived and praised, but the attempt to dig Thackeray out of the sands of disapprobation into which his forever spinning and effusive backwheels have sunk him, has not succeeded yet. He was a lazy-minded writer, little interested in ideas, the *homme moyen intellectuel* and it might be better for his reputation if he is written off as irretrievable, until a new, lazy, bosom-beating generation arises. That may not be far off; he is made for an age of conformity. In the bad days of their reputations, no amount of mere appreciation did Conrad and George Eliot any good; revivals require something of the Revival.

Professor Tillotson, as an appreciative critic, has not this dogmatic spirit. He has the initial weakness of being on the defensive and too gentle with Thackeray's detractors. It is not enough to be pained by Dr. Leavis telling Thackeray to leave the room because he is only a greater Trollope—quite a good throwaway line for the classroom; what is important is to say that teacher left out half the English tradition and tried to rebuild the English novel by putting the roof of Henry James on first. There is a comic, loose-knit, sentimental and diffuse tradition and Thackeray must be judged within it. He disappoints us because he is a rule-of-thumb moralist who tells us, simply, that things are not what they seem and that there is good and evil in all of us. He is acquiescent without being stoical, intelligent without direction. This is only to say we must not test him for intensity, but for experience and scope.

If Professor Tillotson is on the defensive, his exposition has many good points. He goes into the links with George Eliot and Henry James. He goes into Thackeray's dormant gift: the power to evoke climate and panorama and his extraordinary fertility in living detail. He establishes the underlying theme: the "unendingness" of life, and goes into the various stances and the changing focus of his narrative and commentary. As a technical feat this is Thackeray's originality and gave him the quality of a major illusionist. "Thackeray is always the critic of what he invents"—an important saying; Professor Tillotson could have added Thackeray's start as a satirist of the popular novels of his time and have traced his determination to have nothing to do with foolish plots and high dramatic scenes. The lack of structure in his work, except possibly in *Esmond*, may come from idleness or temperamental inability to construct, but Thackeray, as so often happens with novelists, made revolutionary use of his own initial disabilities. And he transmitted something of the new ground gained to the Meredith of *Harry Richmond*, who is clearly an heir. When Professor Tillotson speaks of Thackeray's interest in the "never-endingness" and "streamingness of experience," he is really mentioning an aspect of the comic which is a traditional alternative view

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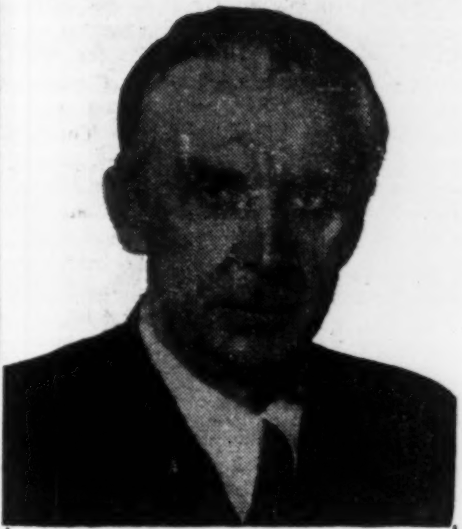

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to the world of authority or adventure in ethics and morals; but Thackeray is not as "streaming" as all that. He does understand Society; he clearly shows in *Vanity Fair* the social effect of the change in the value of money at the time of the Napoleonic wars; he understands money as well as Balzac does, though he lacks obsession. Again, in *Pendennis* he propounded—for innumerable successors to imitate—the solid theme of the young man growing up, the introspective first person singular surprised by the rapid ageing of the heart.

Professor Tillotson disagrees with Mr. Percy Lubbock that there is a wrench when Thackeray breaks off into his sermons and notes that Thackeray was, in any case, no worse than George Eliot, and others, in this. The bother is that Professor Tillotson is right: the very skill of Thackeray's moralising is exactly that of his narrative and casts the blight of journalism upon these passages. The gift for the actual and fragmentary in the novelist became a vice in the moralist. And he was out of luck, too; the idea of the man of the world living in the way of the world, had lost the backing of intellect and elegance it had had in the 18th century. In the 19th the idea had degenerated into the sentimentalities and nostalgias of the clubman. It may be that Thackeray's Anglo-Indian background, where 18th-century ideas had a longer life than in England, made him essentially a figure of the past and, in a sense, old before his time. He had something of that moral dilettantism which Conrad noted as the comforter of exile. I suggest this "exile" from his own time is behind what Professor Tillotson calls his historical sense. Thackeray writes of life, as many of his reflective pages show, as if it were history and had history's uncertainty. Did those people really live? What has happened to them? The historical emotion, the torture of memory continually obliged to revise and revise and guess, fascinated by itself and caught between delight in what it retrieves and despair in what it loses, is fundamental in him.

So much of this feeling runs to muzziness in the eyes of the contemporary reader, but Thackeray did write very close to life and especially to that part of life which is desultory; in recording its off-moments, in catching the voice of habit, accident and silly interruption that cut across our dramas, in catching our inability to understand these dramas, Thackeray is unsurpassed, though it is the very nature of this talent that he cannot sustain it for long. He is driven by the power of conversation, not by the engines of obsession and certainty. *Vanitas Vanitatum* is a reputable dogma, but from its adherents it demands a degree of total despair which is far removed from the comforts of self-pity.

V. S. PRITCHETT

NEW NOVELS

The Corner-Stone. By ZOÉ OLDENBOURG. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

Brotherly Love. By GABRIEL FIELDING. *Hutchinson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

All the centuries, wrote von Ranke, are equal in the sight of God. Something of this feeling has, I think, been responsible for the tremendous strides that the historical novel has taken since the war. Today, for better or worse, we are all lay existentialists. We realise that the moment of choice is sacred and unrecurring, that we live under the eye of history, that our power to choose is the pledge of our freedom. At their best, our historical novelists reflect this point of view most powerfully. And because they do so, there is an immediacy, a physical sense of the here and now about a book like *The Man on a Donkey* that is absent from, say, *John Inglesant* or, even more. from *Henry Esmond.* Miss Prescott and Mme Oldenbourg exist each in her period, whether that period happens to be the Reformation or thirteenth-century Champagne. Hence their characters choose in terms of the existing moral situation. They are blessedly without that kind of psychological anachronism that makes Esmond, as Mr. Walter Allen says, "an early Victorian if there ever was one."

Mme Oldenbourg's book is a magnificent achievement, great alike in construction, characterisation and narrative. Simply as a story it is enthralling. As a display of *moeurs,* it is a huge French tapestry of a book, a piece of work in which each leaf and plume and battlement has been picked out lovingly and with knowledge. This novel has a wonderful breadth of feeling, yet the feeling is kept sharply contemporary with its period. We view men's passions and designs in thirteenth-century France and see that they are both the same and yet startlingly different from our own. As Sir Maurice Powicke, discussing this very period, has written: "The texture of society was too diffuse to make long views possible. Moreover, realists and egoists though they were, they lived in a world of rights and custom which satisfied them."

This is the world that Mme Oldenbourg has given us so brilliantly. The whole of the Middle Age, with its heroism, its cruelty and terror, its poverty and meagre resources, is here under her hand. The Crusades, the Albigensians, the pilgrimages, the art of tourney—such vivid and highlighted topics might easily, in a lesser book, take away from the truth of the general picture. That they never do so, that the composition blends so perfectly as a whole, is proof of the writer's great gifts. History affects her men and women, strikes blindly out at them through a storm or in a wave of soldiery, but it never impinges arbitrarily on the narrative, it is never used as a ruff-and-prithee costume for dressing-up the characters. This, surely, is the test of a great historical novel. In a sense the three major figures of her book—the old crusader, his son Hervi, the life-loving baron, and his grandson, the votary of *l'amour courtois—are* the history. For each of them the heart has its separate reasons. Sitting in the grave-yard at Acre, the blind old man listens to the vultures screeching above him and realises that he is "alone there, keeping watch over all these men who had died for God during the siege." "Our Lady," cries Hervi on his deathbed,

> if I had to give the life of my son and my daughters to ransom my own, I should do it. And if I had to give up my mother's life to save my own, I'd do it. . . . For what use is it to me that they be alive if I am dead? If I am dead, it is for me as if they were dead, they and all men and all the earth.

By the end of this book, the reader comes to feel that he has lived through an age. But he has lived it in the shape of three lives.

Mr. Fielding has written a first novel of considerable promise. Like Ouida, like Charlotte Brontë even, he is at the mercy of a white-hot imagination. To enjoy his book, we must discount a good deal of Rochesterism in his characters' behaviour; having done so, we are greatly rewarded. It would be easy to make light of this novel, to say that it was the study of a family of incredibly randy Anglo-Catholics. This, however, would by no means be the whole truth. Some of Mr. Fielding's characters—his spitting Welsh *dévote* of a mother for instance—are indeed incredible. But they are all intensely felt and communicated and the writer's conviction keeps the reader's scepticism effectively suspended for the greater part of the book.

The story itself is relatively simple. John Blaydon, a conventional, timid, rather wooden

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

The Books reviewed
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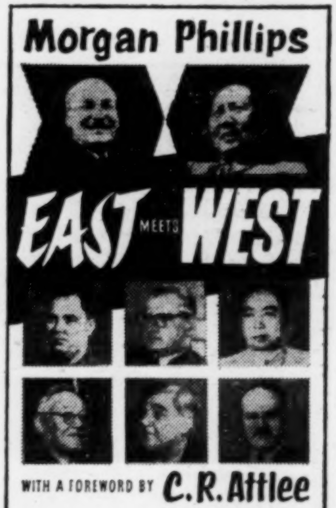

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young man, hero-worships his older brother David, a bad priest and a good companion. David is an attractive, thorough-paced egoist, wenching and tippling his way through Crockford's on private means. Mr. Fielding's account of his sophistication rings hollow, but long before the end of the book we foresee that his life will finish violently.

Brotherly Love is a melodramatic, poorly constructed novel; I doubt whether Mr. Fielding has thought out the moral terms of his situation nearly thoroughly enough. Who or what, after all, is responsible for David's collapse? At one point we seem required to give a quasi-Freudian answer: a fanatic, sex-obsessed mother, a repressive, "spiky" environment. But as the crisis unfolds, Mr. Fielding becomes less and less concerned with pointing his moral; he ends by sloughing off the whole question of guilt and plumping for sheer narrative. This lack of unity is a great pity, for his book has many fine qualities, including an energy in the characterisation that is rare in the contemporary novel.

The religious life of the Blaydon family is grossly mismanaged; no living English novelist except Mr. Joyce Cary seems able to make spiritual issues convincing. Yet Mr. Fielding has his own powerful brand of awareness. He may be unable to describe the devotional life, but he well understands the pitfalls that stand in the way of it. Again, he has a pleasant sense of satire. I much enjoyed his description of the young intellectual smarty lamenting the trials of the Party member faced by a visit from one of the Old Guard. Even Mrs. Blaydon, that emotional little ogress, is an effective chip off the Isherwood-Angus Wilson block of abominable motherhood.

> She wept; she wept like some small animal, a tree-bear with great lachrymose eyes clasping its tiny paws to its muzzle and shedding the enormous unreality of its grief behind the green leaves of its environment.

This first novel is not as professionally skilful as many of its contemporaries, but it abounds in promise. Mr. Fielding possesses a number of startling but disparate gifts. His future success as a writer will depend largely on how well he economises and combines them.

JOHN RAYMOND

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,293

Set by Hilbrian

Competitors are invited to emulate the metrical pattern of the following poem by Sir John Squire in eight lines of verse, serious or flippant, beginning with the words, "Christmas is nearly here." Entries by *Monday*, December 13.

The wind of evening cried along the darkening trees,
Along the darkening trees, heavy with ancient pain,
Heavy with ancient pain from faded centuries,
From faded centuries . . . O foolish thought and vain!

O foolish thought and vain to think the wind could know,
To think the wind could know the griefs of men who died,
The griefs of men who died and mouldered long ago:
"And mouldered long ago," the wind of evening cried.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,290

Set by J. D. Carleton

Eighteenth-century grandees delighted to adorn their grounds with follies, grottoes, columns and temples dedicated to Friendship, Venus, Nature, Ancient Virtue, and other deities or abstractions currently in high regard. Today new educational establishments, which have taken on so much patronage of the arts, might be encouraged to erect similar buildings dedicated to the presiding deities of pedagogy. The usual prizes are offered for the best set of three such erections, with dedication and brief description: e.g. "The Temple of the Sensitive Child: within a budding grove, caryatids of L. P. Hartley and Elizabeth Bowen uphold a pair of children treading underfoot *fasces* of broken canes."

Report by J. D. Carleton

The Ministry of Education (to say nothing of any public school that can afford to do more than prop up its crumbling buildings) can take a tip from this week's entries. Building castles in the air is no doubt an easy form of architectural activity, but even so I was surprised at the number of temples, follies and grottoes that came tumbling through the letter-box. Horticultural conceits were also plentiful. I liked Eric Swainson's "*The Bower of Parity:* a leaf-shaded recess, wherein stands a post-festival sculptural group representing the three scape-graces, Gram., Tech. and Mod., holding hands"; and Goodwill's "*Avenue of Opportunity:* a series of arches of progressively diminishing sizes" was also pleasant. "*The Eleven-plus Pavilion:* situated at the crossroads, it is scheduled as a temporary erection and is already falling into ruin" (Jim Parrott) was a good idea, but like many of the entries it was only an idea and lacked architectural shape and detail. Nancy Gunter came nearer the mark with "*The Temple of Star Worship:* constructed of holly wood and approached by an avenue of gilded Oscars." Geoffrey Coleby's "*The Temple of Meccano* (after the style of the Unknown Political Prisoner)" is commended, and D. W. Barker's Shrine of Sport deserves a mention for its inscription *Mens gaga in corpore sano.* Others worth quoting are:

VISUAL AIDS: Although called a Gazebo, this shrine, approached by descending steps of obsolescent books, resembles a grotto, its inner walls displaying charts and strips more or less comic, admitting no light from the outer world; in the centre gleams dully a large eye. (M. I. Wiggin.)

TEMPLE OF THE MINISTER OF PARITY: Before a backcloth of a Comprehensive School, a blindfolded figure of the late George Tomlinson holds a balance, each scale containing a schoolchild—one equipped with Virgil, the other with *The Beekeeper's Vade Mecum.* (Roff.)

THE MULTILATERAL FOUNTAIN: A wide stream descends over eleven steps; then, flowing through a single culvert, emerges as three streams: one small, swift and clear; one broad, slow and clouded; one a feeble trickle, slowly turning a wheel. (R. Hemington.)

THE STATUE OF MODERN PEDAGOGY: To be placed facing the headmaster's window. The image of a Teacher Supine, with a Child Triumphant standing with a foot on the recumbent figure's bosom. The plinth to be covered with rules writ upside down. (C. Hodkinson.)

Only Allan M. Laing scored thrice: he therefore wins a first prize, of three guineas; second prizes, of a guinea and a half each, go to P. M. and John Brown, who each provided two good structures—though it must be a *very* comprehensive educational establishment that John Brown had his eye on.

EXAMINER'S FOLLY: A faceless, Moore-like form of gigantic size, holding a bronze sieve, through which child figures are passing or failing to pass to a bed of roses beneath.

THE PEDANT'S BOWER: In the most formal of gardens, a long stone ruler, accurately marked to hundredths of an inch, is supported on the tails of two fierce dragons, and inscribed: *A Rule is a Rule.*

THE NEGATION OF DISCIPLINE: An unenclosed garden or wilderness, in which there are no prescribed paths; and wild plants, weeds and exquisitely beautiful flowers grow in riotous confusion. The face of Liberty, with a patch over one eye, broods benevolently over the scene.

ALLAN M. LAING

Sculptured group at East Gate to "*The Educative Principle.*" The Child on a pedestal, three kneeling figures offering gifts, Rousseau (a flower), Montessori (a button-frame), Freud (a mirror).

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P. M.

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PANTHEON OF PANEL GAMES: In a grove of lime trees, with wall-niches, the first two of which contain busts of Gilbert Harding and Sir Mortimer Wheeler, crowned with laurel. On a pediment within, a symbolic letter H in granite.

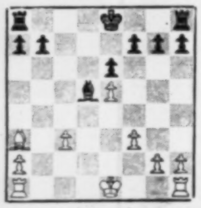
CHAPELLE ARDENTE FOR POLITICIANS: A rickety structure of mud and plaster in rococo style, containing unturned stones, shoulder wheels, and rolling logs. Within, an altar to Janus, bearing several mutilated inscriptions. The structure is movable, and the entrance must never face the prevailing wind.

JOHN BROWN

CHESS : The Grandmaster's Touch

No. 270

To achieve some minute advantage out of the opening may be easy enough sometimes, even for those of us who would aspire to grand-duffery rather than grandmastership: it is the inexorably and unfailingly consistent exploitation and the final materialisation of such an advantage that requires the master's touch, and if the advantage is as minute as in this position—Minev-Najdorf, Amsterdam Team Tournament, 1954—it may well require the grandmaster's touch. At first glance, what with Bishops of different colour and a fairly level P-structure, White's chances of a draw seem excellent; yet his QBP is weak and the Black B is more dominantly placed (for attack *and* defence) than the White one. Hence, Najdorf's first aim is to make the precious B impregnable.



(16)	R-QB1!	(21) R-Kt4	P-B4!
(17) K-Q2	K-Q2	(22) P-QR3	P-KR4
(18) B-Q6	R-B5!	(23) R x R	R x R
(19) QR-QKt1	KR-QB1	(24) R-QKt1	P-R4!
(20) KR-QB1	P-KKt4!	(25) R-Kt5	R-KR5!

Having forced White to weaken his K-wing Najdorf proceeds to use the greater mobility of his pieces for tying up his opponent.

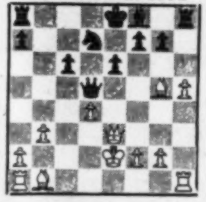
(26) P-KR3	R-QR5	(32) R-Kt1	R-B5
(27) R-Kt2	P-Kt5!	(33) R-QB1	K-Q2
(28) K-K3	P-B5 ch	(34) B-B8	K-K1
(29) K-K2	P x BP	(35) B-Q6	K-B2
(30) P x P	K-B3!	(36) R-B2	R-B1
(31) P-R4	P-Kt4!	(37) K-Q3	

What with the indirect coverage of the KBP White thinks he has a new lease of life. But Black's temporary weakness of f4 is more than compensated by the decisive mobility of his pieces.

(37)	R-KKt1!	(40) B-Q8	K-Kt3
(38) R-KB2	R-Kt6	(41) K-Q4	R x P!
(39) B-B7	P-R5		

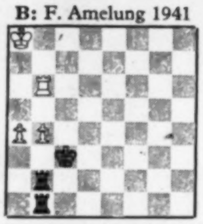
Here the game was adjourned, and White resigned before the second session. Obviously, there would have been no point in his defending the KBP, there were too many other cracks in his position. Nor would (42) R-QKt2 have given him a chance. Najdorf need not even bother to defend his P; he could have continued (42) . . . R-B8!, (43) R x P, R-Q8 ch, (44) K-B4, B-Kt6!, thereby keeping the White K and R at arm's length from his passed P.

A: Herbrandt 1952

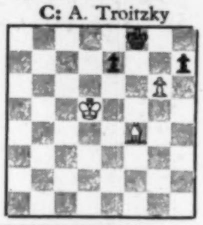


The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which Black blundered by (1) . . . Q x KKtP, thus giving White the chance of a pretty mate in 2. How? **B**—White to draw—should be a bargain for 6 ladder-points, but **C**—White to win—may be worth its 7 points. Usual prizes. Entries by December 13.

B: F. Amelung 1941



C: A. Troitzky



REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 267. Set November 13.

A: (1) R x Kt ch, P x R, (2) B-R4, Q x B, (3) Kt-Kt6 ch, RP x Kt, (4) Q x P ch, K x Q, (5) B-K5 ch, K-Q2, (6) R-B7 mate.

B: (1) K-B6, P x P, (2) K-K7, P x Kt, (3) Kt-B6 mate

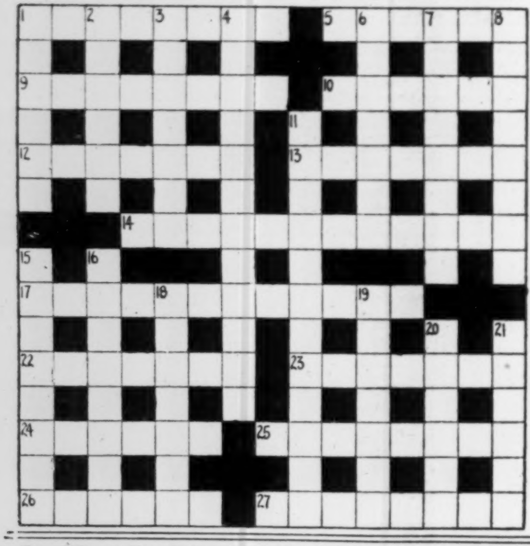
C: (1) P-Kt7, B-Q4 ch! (2) K x B, Kt-Kt3! (3) P-Kt8 (Kt!), R-K1! (4) Kt-B6! Kt-B5 ch! (5) K-Q4, R-K3, (6) Kt-Q5, Kt x Kt, (7) Kt-QB5! R-Q3, (8) K-K5, R-Q1, (9) Kt-K6!, etc.

A good many competitors failed to see all subtleties of **C**. Prizes shared by D. E. Cohen, A. E. Harris, M. M. Kennedy, A. J. Roycroft. Equally flawless solutions by J. B. Cock, A. Schneider.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 129

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 129, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Dec. 14.



ACROSS

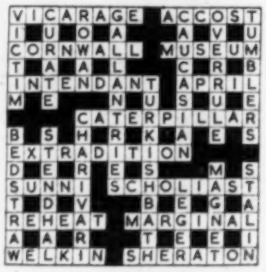
1. Random adventurer (8).
5. Before there is something to eat you need sun for the plant (6).
9. Subterranean place for corporal punishment and cells (8).
10. Ring for claret (6).
12. At the beginning of the illness alarm is concealed (7).
13. It is most favourable to choose me and mother (7).
14. He who has a degree but has his letters in front (12).
17. Waiting with notes for accommodation (12).
22. " The —— and not the deed Confounds us " (*Macbeth*) (7).
23. A walk thrice run (7).
24. The foot of the inscription? (6).
25. God who may be poisoned (8).
26. The M.P. sounds as if he means action (6).
27. In the desert camouflaged company provided protection (8).

DOWN

1. A plant may have one to compete with me (6).
2. For the sober in charity there is a bit of baccy (6).
3. An economist I come with a part of the index in converted gold (7).
4. Class divisions (12).
6. Made fit—Miss Clare starts it with her exercises (7).
7. I am in league with this man (8).
8. Domestic fit for the wife (8).
11. Blimey, the family! They certainly correspond with each other (12).
15. Like ideals destroyed or attacked (8).
16. Ward is a professional for example in part of the course (8).
18. Beyond measure that is about the people in the manuscript (7).
19. The weapon contained in M. and B. (7).
20. He is a thief and is put inside a little while (6).
21. Adult pupils, their study on the ascendant, are past babyhood (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 127



PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 127

Rev. T. Dixon (Zurich), W. C. Stanley (Hendon, N.W.4), A. R. Fleming (Ilminster).

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LECTURES, etc.—cont. from p. 768

YOGA. Talks on its Theory and Practice. Tuesdays, 6.30, Caxton Hall, Subject for December 7: "The Far Journey." Arranged by Shanti Sadan. Admission free. Lectures on Yoga also every Wed. and Fri., 8, at 29 Chepstow Villas, W.11.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

"FOREIGN Policy in a Changing World," Fabian New Year School, Beatrice Webb House, Dorking, December 31-January 2. Geoffrey de Freitas, Hugh Gaitskell, T. E. M. McKitterick, Michael Stewart. Details: 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon: New Year Course on Child & Adult Education, Jan. 2-7. Also "Religion & the Modern World" (a study in mystic idiom led by Frances Banks), Jan. 7-10.

MOOR Park College, Farnham, Surrey. Short courses open to all in Country House. Dec. 18-19, Christmas Art, Jan. 7-9, Archaeology and the Bible. Further information from Director of Studies.

SPANISH Intensive Course in London. December 28-January 1. Hispanic Council, 2 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. SLO. 7186.

ADMINISTRATIVE and secretarial training for good posts at St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. Day and resident students. Canteen.

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SHORTHAND-typewriting 6 months' part-time course and 3 months' refresher course begin January, North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., N.W.5.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (all examining Boards) London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., B.Sc. Sociology, LL.B., B.D. Degrees & Diplomas; Law and Professional exams., mod. fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All Foreign languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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CHRISTMAS in S. Devon. Near Sea, Country, Moors. One Guinea per day. Also taking Bookings for Easter and Whitsun. Open all year round. Children welcomed, special prices. Write or 'phone Tower Guest House, Kingsteignton, Newton Abbot, 441.

BRIGHTON. Beautifully appointed Residential Club, Licensed, offers accommodation for winter or permanent guests. Superb Regency house facing sea. Wonderful food, luxurious bathrooms, life, delightful atmosphere. From 6*gns.* weekly. Dr. & Mrs. Ewart, Atlanta Club, Brighton.

CHRISTMAS in the country, with good food, pleasant companionship, homely atmosphere, warmth, comfort and convenience amid delightful surroundings. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. (Hatfield Heath 263.)

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BROOKLANDS Farm, Dallington, Heathfield, Sussex. Comfortable quarters. Farm produce. Log fires, e.l., c.h.w., 60 acres. Fr. 4½*gns.* wk. Rushlake Green 321.

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XMAS vacancies. Ridge Hall, Chapel-en-le-Frith, via Stockport. Warmth, good fare, homely fun. Tel. 111.

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KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12*s.* 6*d.*/15*s.* 6*d.* B. & B., wkly. terms arrg.

LONDON. York House Private Hotel. 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15*s.* daily.

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PERSONAL

YOUNG man reqs. priv. tuition in German, convers., etc. State terms. Box 2582.

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

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IRVING Th., Leics. Sq. WHI. 8657. Ntly. ex. Mon., 10.30, Sun. 9.30, "Late Night Party." Mems. 10*s*. yr. inclds. Guest Ticket.

SHAW Society. Christmas Miscellany of readings from Shaw, Stella Gibbons, new Shaw play by Toni Block, etc., at Nat. Book League, 7 Albemarle St., 7 p.m., Fri., Dec. 3. Non-mems. 2*s*. 6*d*.

ASIAN Music Circle—Music of Indonesia, Dances & Sound Films on Sat., Dec. 18, 8 p.m., by kind permission of H.E. Indonesian Ambassador, at Indonesian Embassy, 38, Grosvenor Sq., W.1. Admission: Mems. 1*s*. 6*d*., Guests 2*s*. 6*d*. Ann. Gen. Meeting of Members 7-8 p.m. Full progr. in New Year of Indian-Pakistani, Israeli, Ceylonese, Persian, etc., Music. Further information from Sec., 18 Fitzalan Rd., N.3. FIN. 2934.

PRINCES Theatre. Tues. and Wed., Dec. 7 and 8, 8 p.m. Ballet Recital by Soviet Dancers. With orchestra conducted by Leighton Lucas. Raissa Struchkova, prima ballerina, and Alexander Lapauri; Valentina Galetskaya and Mansur Kamaletdinov: all of the Bolshoi Theatre, Moscow. Gulnara Mavayeva, accompanied by Avner Barayev (doira): of the State Ballet Theatre, Tashkent. Accompanists: Galina Maximova, Alexei Zibtsev. Tkts. 3*s*. 6*d*., 5*s*. 6*d*., 7*s*. 6*d*., 10*s*., 12*s*., 15*s*., 17*s*. 6*d*., £1 1*s*. from Box Office (TEM. 6596) and agencies. Presented by the Educ. Cttee., British Soviet Friendship Society.

BALLADS & Blues. Ewan MacColl and British Folk Song & Dance Ensemble. December 7, St. Pancras Town Hall, 7.45. Tkts. 2*s*. 6*d*., 3*s*. 6*d*., booking CROydon 1743.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. The Marius Trilogy. Until Dec. 5: Part 1. Raimu in "Marius" (A). From Dec. 6: Part 2, Raimu in "Fanny" (A).

PEOPLE'S Pal. ADV. 3520. Sun., Dec. 5. 7.30; Les Orgueilleux (X), Fr./Mexico.

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232. Sat., Dec. 4. Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds in "Singin' in the Rain" (U) 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

HOLBORN Film Society offers 8 shows for 10*s*., 4 for 7*s*. 6*d*. Progs. incl.: My Apprenticeship, Hearts of the World, Foreign Correspondent, Les Amants de Verone, Le Million, Of Mice & Men, The Blue Light, No Resting Place, Life in the Arctic. Detls., Hon. Sec., 34/36 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

SCALA Theatre. 7.30, Sun., Dec. 12. Soviet Film Premières: The Team from our Street, delightful comedy about a boys' football team. Delegations of Friendship, showing foreign delegates at Volga-Don Canal and Black Sea. Tkts. 2*s*., 2*s*. 6*d*., 3*s*., 3*s*. 6*d*., 4*s*., 7*s*. 6*d*., 10*s*. 6*d*. from Educ. Cttee., British Soviet Friendship Society, 36, Spencer St., E.C.1. Cash and s.a.e. with order, 10% discount for parties of 10 plus.

"VOLGA-Don Canal" & "Pioneer Summer"—2 Soviet colour films and talk by Colin Penn, A.R.I.B.A. Tues., Dec. 7, Chenil Galleries, Kings Rd., S.W.3, 7.30. Adm. 1*s*. 6*d*. Chelsea B.S.F.S. Ed. Cttee.

INTERNATIONAL Art Film Show, under the auspices of the Finsbury Art Group (Chairman Eric Newton). Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1. (nr. Sadlers Wells). Tues., Dec. 7, 8 p.m. Non-mems. 1*s*.

INDIA Film Society, 47 Strand, W.C.2. Presents outstanding film "Ratnadeep" in Hindi at Scala Theatre. Dec. 15, 7.30. Synopsis provided. Membership 10*s*. yrly.

ASIAN Film Society presents "Awara" (The Vagabond), an Indian social film with English sub-titles, Sun., Dec. 5, 6.30 p.m., at Scala Theatre. Tickets in advance. Apply A.F.S., 11 Greek St., W.1. GER. 0287.

BEN Uri Arts Ball. St. Pancras Town Hall, Euston Road, N.W.1. Wed., Dec. 8 from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. Sydney Lipton and his Orchestra. Cabaret, Prizes, etc. Fancy Dress optional. Tickets 15*s*. from Sec., Ben Uri Art Gallery, 14, Portman St., W.1. WEL. 3001.

AFRO-West Indian Social Centre, 245 Harrow Rd., W.2. Every Friday & Sat. 7-11 p.m. Dance. Calypso Band. Men 2*s*. 6*d*., Ladies 2*s*. Mon.-Thur. 6-10 p.m. Social, Games, Bar. Guests invited.

GRAND Continental Dance. Wednesday, Dec. 8, 7.15, at Carlton Ballrooms, 140 Maida Vale (Kilburn Bridge), to Isy Geiger and his Great Viennese Ballroom Band. Adv. tkts. 5*s*. Schmidts Rest., 41 Charlotte St., W.1.

I.C.A. At Home: Dancing to the Dave Stevens Trio. Sat., Dec. 4, 8-11 p.m., Inst. of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St. W.1. Mems. 3*s*., Guests 5*s*. Mem'ship. invited.

FOR international gifts of distinction visit the British Soviet Friendship Society's Christmas Bazaar. Children's entertainments, refreshments, throughout the day. Saturday, December 11, 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. Holborn Hall, Grays Inn Road, W.C.1. Admission 6*d*.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Albert Hall, Sunday, December 5, at 3 p.m. The Society for Cultural Relations with the U.S.S.R. presents Khachaturyan conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra in a programme of his own music: In Memoriam*, Piano Concerto, Poeme*, Gayaneh Suite (incl. Sabre Dance). *First performance in England. Solo pianist: Moura Lympany. Tickets: 12*s*. 6*d*., 10*s*., 7*s*. 6*d*., 5*s*., 3*s*. 6*d*., from Hall (KEN. 8212) and usual agents.

OISTRAKH Final Concert, Royal Albert Hall, Mon. next, Dec. 6, 7.30 p.m., playing Beethoven and Tchaikovsky Violin Concertos with the London Symphony Orchestra cond. by Lovro Matacic. Tickets 21*s*., 15*s*., 12*s*. 6*d*., 10*s*., 7*s*. 6*d*., 5*s*., 3*s*. 6*d*. from Hall. KEN. 8212/usual agnts. Arranged S.C.R.

MORLEY College Choir, conductor Racine Fricker, London Cantata Ensemble (inc. Ilse Wolf, soprano) directed by Anthony Milner, All Souls, Langham Place, W.1, Tues., Dec. 14, 8 p.m. Works by Taverner, Purcell, Naylor, Fricker (1st perf.), Gibbons. Ent. by programme 3*s*. at door or in advance from Hon. Sec., M.C. Concerts Soc., 61 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Tuesday, Dec. 14, 8.15 p.m. Concert: Elizabethan Singers. Conductor, Louis Halsey, Julian Bream, guitar. Works by Britten, Schoenberg, Kodaly, Stephen Dodgson, Villa Lobos, De Falla. Tkts. must be booked in adv. fr. Music Sec., GRO. 2569. Members free, guests 5*s*.

MOZART.—Oboe Quartet in F; Divertimento for String Trio, K.563; Piano Quartet in G minor, K.478. Robert Masters Quartet with Janet Craxton (oboe). Royal Festival Hall Recital Room, Sat., Dec. 4, at 8.15 p.m. WAT. 3191.

HAYDN Orchestra, cond. Harry Newstone, Wigmore Hall, Thursday next, Dec. 9, 7.30, Divertimento in D (K.251), Mozart; Symphony No. 87 in A, Haydn; Sonata for Strings, Rossini; Symphony No. 5 in B flat, Schubert. 9*s*., 6*s*., 5*s*., 3*s*. Hall/Chappells.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1*s*. post free.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W.1. Collectors' Choice IV: until Dec. 4. Opening Dec. 8—Watercolours by Singier; Etchings by Chagall; Pottery by James Tower.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Le Corbusier, Water-colours. Molly Moss, Christine Risley, Diana Balfour of Inchrye, Pauline Spender. Till Dec. 30.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Lithographs by the Senefelder Club. Wenis Wirth-Miller "Studies of a Dog in Movement" paintings. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

SOVIET Books & Journals. Art, Science, Literature; Children's books in Russian & English; Library Editions, fine printing & binding. Collet's Book Gallery, 44 Museum St., W.C.1. Open daily until Dec. 30 (exc. Suns. and Dec. 24-27). Adm. free.

ST. George's Gallery, 7 Cork St., W.1. Some individuals of English Painting. Examples of the art of print making.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Recent Paintings by Tomas Harris. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Christmas Present Exhibition: Small Pictures by English and French Artists.

RENEL Gallery, 40-41 Burlington Arcade, W.1. Recent drawings by Andre Minaux. Daily 10-5.30 p.m. Sat. 10-12.30 p.m.

TOOTH'S: Recent Acquisitions IX: paintings by Gainsborough, Bonington, Corot, Degas, Matisse, Modigliani, Picasso. Dly. 9.30-6, Sats. 9.30-1. 31 Bruton St., W.1.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. Exhibition of original Paintings and Sculptures offered by well-known artists and collectors inclg. Butler, Piper, Sutherland, Matthew Smith, etc. Tickets 12*gns*. Daily 10.30-6. Closed Suns. Adm. free.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: East End Academy 1954. Paintings, Drawings and Sculpture. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ANCIENT Bronzes from Sardinia. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Dec. 22. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Picasso Pottery & original Artists' prints & lithographs.

EXHIBITION of Modern Silver. (Organised by the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths.) Tea Centre, 22 Lower Regent St., S.W.1. 10.30-6.30 daily except Suns. until December 18. Admission free.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond St. Animation & Repose. Paintings from 1400-1700.

TOPOLSKI'S Chronicle, the contemporary broadsheet showing with XVIIIth and XIXth Century predecessors. Hungerford Bridge Arch, Festival Hall. Tuesdays and Saturdays, 3-6, Thursdays 6-9.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. W. & S. Avery, paintings. 11-5.30 daily.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Sq., W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State and Private Apartments with period furniture. 8 rooms fully furnished. New restoration and exhibits. Daily 10-5, including Sundays.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY College London (Gower St., W.C.1.)—Centenary of Birth of Sir Patrick Geddes—Sir George Pepler will give a public lecture entitled "Geddes' Contribution to Town Planning," on Thurs., Dec. 9, at 6 p.m. Admission free, without ticket.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Tues., Dec. 7, 8.15 p.m., "Architecture": illus., Richard Llewellyn Davies, A.R.I.B.A. A talk on contemporary American architecture. Chairman: J. M. Richards. Members 2*s*. Guests 3*s*. Wed., Dec. 8, 8.15 p.m., Symposium followed by discussion on the Diaghilev Exhibition. Speakers incl. Richard Buckle, Edward Clark, Arnold Haskell, Cecil Hopkinson and Marie Rambert. Second half of the evening devoted to young artists, composers, screen designers, dancers giving their views. Members only 2*s*. Thurs., Dec. 9, 8.15 p.m. Seminar: Books and the Modern Movement V. Robert Furneaux Jordan on "Pioneers of the Modern Movement," by Nikolaus Pevsner. Chairman: Reyner Banham. Members 2*s*. 6*d*. Guests 3*s*. 6*d*.

BRAINS Trust—"China & the Far East"—with Sir John Pratt, K.B.E., C.M.G., formerly Adviser to the Foreign Office on Far Eastern Affairs and head of Far Eastern Section of Min. of Information. Mr. Derek Bryan, O.B.E., M.A., First Sec. to British Embassy in China, 1946-51, and Mr. John Chinnery, Lecturer in Chinese Studies at the London School of Oriental Studies (visited China 1954). Chairman: Dr. Horace Joules, M.D., F.R.C.P. (visited China 1952). Wed., Dec. 8, 7.30, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Ad. 1*s*. Brit.-China Friendship Assn.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. International Evening at Chicken Inn, Leicester Sq., W.C.2. Wed. Dec. 8 at 7.30 p.m. Guest of Honour Mr. T. Kodwo Mercer, High Commissioner for the Gold Coast. Subject: "Problems of Living in a Multiracial Community." Refreshments available. Members 2*s*., non-members 2*s*. 6*d*. excl. refreshments. Overseas visitors particularly welcome.

CENTRAL Jewish Literary Group invites you to "Ask About India," with Dr. H. K. Handoo answering questions about his country. Wed., Dec. 8. Folman's Restaurant, Noel St. (Off Berwick St.), W.1, at 8 p.m. Visitors welcome. Refreshments.

MORGAN Phillips, Gen. Sec. Labour Pty.: East Meets West, Dec. 10, 8 p.m. 1 Broadhurst Gdns. Ass. Germ. Socialdemocrats.

RONALD Horton, A.R.C.A., will discuss some interesting post-war developments in Polish Peasant Art in a talk on "Folk Art and Industrial Design." In the chair: Peter de Francia. Exhibition of Polish Peasant Crafts. Polish Cultural Institute, 81, Portland Place, W.1. Thursday, Dec. 9, 7.45 p.m. Admission free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

HYDROGEN Bomb—National Campaign. Rt. Hon. Aneurin Bevan, M.P., Rev. Dr. Soper, M.A., Sydney Silverman, M.P. (Chair: Anthony Greenwood, M.P.), will address Mass Meeting, Kingsway Hall, W.C.2, Wed., Dec. 8, 7.15 p.m. Doors open 6.30. Adm. free.

THE Haldane Society. "The Law of Obscene Libel," speaker: C. H. Rolph. In the Niblett Hall, Inner Temple, E.C.4, on Wed., Dec. 8, at 7.15 p.m. All welcome.

REFORM of Local Government—Alternative Solutions. Mr. R. E. Wraith, London School of Economics, Thursday, December 9, at Alliance Hall, Palmer Street (opposite West Exit, St. James Park Station), 7 p.m. Coffee 6.30. Admission free, silver collection. Fawcett Society.

THE Business and Professional Forum. A discussion on: "Are Comics a Menace to our Children?" Speakers, Maurice Orbach, M.P., Arthur Brittenden, Dr. Simon Yudkin. On Thursday, December 16, Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1, at 7.45 p.m. Visitors 3*s*. 6*d*.

WILLIAM Temple Association. Kathleen Bliss on "The Layman's Task" at 7.30 p.m., Dec. 7 at St. George's Institute, Bourdon St. (off Berkeley Sq., W.1). Details: 13 Woburn Square, W.C.1.

TWO Germanys: Rev. J. Bliss on Dangers of Rearmament; lieder by Mde. Alice Schaffer, mezzo-soprano. St. Peter's Church Hall, Belsize Sq., nr. Belsize Park Tube, Thurs., Dec. 9, at 8. Admission 6*d*. Hampstead Peace Council.

LORD Listowel: "Visit to U.S.S.R.," Hampstead Ethical Society, 783 Finchley Rd., nr. Regal Cinema, Golders Green, Sun., Dec. 5, at 7.15 p.m.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesdays, at 7 p.m., Dec. 7. Professor Hyman Levy, "The Challenge of the Atomic Age." Adm. free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group. 7.15 p.m. Tonight, Friday, Dec. 3. The Reverend H. R. Moxley, M.A. "Our Responsibility towards Refugees." Friday Dec. 10. Miss Yvonne Watts, "Food and People." Adm. free.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday 11 a.m., Dec. 5. Professor T. H. Pear, M.A., "Are Modern Scientists Afraid of Doing Good?" Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1*s*. 6*d*. Handbills on request.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture, Sundays, 8 p.m. December 5: "What Brings Our Fate?"

H. J. BLACKHAM: "The Myth of Humanist Optimism." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., December 5, at 7 p.m.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W.11. Park 7379. Dec. 3, 8 p.m. Mme. Marie Rambert, "Nijinsky"; Dec. 10, 8 p.m., Prof. Carr, "Continuity in Russian History"; Mon., Dec. 13, Special Recital of Russian songs by Oda Slobodskaya. Tickets for recital 5*s*. and 2*s*. 6*d*. sold in advance.

CERCLE Alfred Jarry. Friday, Dec. 10, at 7.45 in the Everyman Cinema clubroom (nr. Hampstead Tube Station). Jean Brun: "Qui est Alfred Jarry?" Non-members 2*s*.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public lecture, 8.15, Fri., Dec. 10. Mr. Maung Maung Ji, M.A. (Press Attaché, Burmese Embassy): "Mind-Culture in Buddhism." 62 Queen's Gardens, Bayswater.

HOLIDAY Friendship Service. Dimitre Halov, Bulgarian Minister, will speak at Re-union/Film Show. Friends House, Euston Rd., Thursday, December 9, 7.30 p.m. Open to all.

EXTRA Sensory Perception or—?? T.V.'s latest "Line" publicly demonstrated at Central Hall, Westminster, S.W.1, on Saturday, December 11, at 7 p.m. Admission 1*s*. 6*d*., 2*s*. 6*d*. and 3*s*. 6*d*. at the Hall.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd., W.8. December 11, at 6 p.m. Poetry reading in 21 languages.

"LIFE in the Soviet Army," by former Officers recently come from Russia. Mon., Dec. 6, 7.30. Caxton Hall, S.W.1. British Free Russia Movement. Adm. free.

BONAR Thompson speaks every Friday 8.15, at the Laurie Arms, Crawford Place, Edgware Rd. Hope: its cause and cure.

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.30 p.m., Sunday, Dec. 5, Studio, 29 Addison Ave., W.11. (Nr. Holland Pk. Stn.). Discourse Pt. Usharbudh Arya, "The Religious Background of Indian Pacifism."

PERSONALIST Group. Buberian Dialogue on "Existentialism and Sex." J. B. Coates and Basil Druitt, Conway Hall, Thursday, Dec. 9 at 7.30 p.m.

YOUNG People in the Soviet Union. Dennis Ogden. Mon., Dec. 6, 7.30 p.m., 45 Museum St., W.C.1. Adm. free. Arranged S.C.R. & Collet's Bookshop.

LECTURES, etc.—cont. on p. 787

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 765 and 787

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